LOOKING FORWARD

EVER SINCE THE Pulitzer Prize Awards began to take newspaper space the desire has been increasing in me to fill the vast field still left untouched by these awards. To my mind, there are still not enough prizes, parchment or gold, not enough brown derbies, not enough accolades to go around.

CONSIDER the most devastating literary remark of last week, in *Harper's* for May. Reflects the heroine of "The Truant," excellent first short story by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger, poet: "There were corner loafers who kissed and told—and there were poets. It was the same thing, really." For pitiless truth beating upon one's own soul, and not upon somebody else's, this gets my accolade. If the Society of American Poets sees it, my guess is that Miss Rodger will be Mooneyed.

AGAIN, what kind of prize can be bestowed upon a man who is dead? The most human thing reported in last week's news was about Joe Leblang, deceased cut-rate theatre ticket seller at Times Square. Starting with the idea that people would pay for the passes issued stores for the privilege of displaying theatre posters in show windows, Joe Leblang ended by becoming cut-rate ticket seller to a nation and saviour of many a deserving show. So bound up with the show business did his heart become that his last instructions to his "boys" were to keep the business open on the day of his funeral. "The show must go on," he said. From Al Smith to Flo Ziegfeld, Broadway attended his funeral.

THEN how about the Asafetida Cup for the most unforgivable omission of the week? This goes to Secretary of State Stimson, assisted by President Moncada, crowds of American pseudo-liberals and a good share of the press of the country. With the bodies of American citizens lying butchered in Nicaragua, enough notes, informal statements, exclamations, speeches and editorial comment to fill a barrel have been struck off about diplomatic policy, the South American trade, foreign complications and liberal theory. But to date not one clear-cut sentence calling for retribution upon the murderers, indemnification for the dead, sympathy for the bereaved and horror over the deed. Cabled Theodore Roosevelt about the abduction of an American citizen in Morocco: "Give me Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." Wrote Secretary Stimson: "In view of the outbreak of banditry . . . withdraw." Bring the Asafetida Cup.

Also how about creators of confusion? How about a prize for the most misleading newspaper headline of the week? But you get the idea.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

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and Independent

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An analysis of the demands of capital for a reduction of labor costs, by the Outlook's financial expert.

Why Queen Marie Junketed to America.
By Konrad Bercovici.
The fourth installment of "Royal Intrigue in Roumania" tells the inside story of the Queen's amazing political tour while the King was dying.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, April 29, 1931. Volume 157. Number 17. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE UNWELCOME GUEST

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 29, 1931

Trend of the Week

Governors at Play

THE executive committee of the annual conference of state Governors has completed its work on the program of the conference and revealed its nature. The Governors will meet in French Lick, Indiana, on June 1, 2 and They will not discuss prohibition, nor ater power, nor public utilities, nor age insurance, nor unemployment. Inasmuch as the chief object of the nference is an exchange of ideas and periences," says the executive committee in a whopping *non sequitur*, "so r as possible controversial subjects e avoided." One had supposed that ntroversial subjects were precisely e ones on which an exchange of ideas d experiences was most necessary. Instead of discussing controversial bjects, the Governors will discuss the st of local government, land utilization d state planning, motor safety and ecutive duties and responsibilities. iat is to say, they will travel all the y to French Lick to discuss subjects no particular interest to themselves anyone else. This being so, it is nice learn that French Lick promises to ıy the perfect host and that "the tertainment has been carefully ınned." One trusts that no one will oil the Governors' innocent fun by ting their conferences seriously.

Jobs and the Man

WHATEVER the job, the Americans have nan for it—a blue-eyed, thin-lipped, communicative man, whose name goes hout saying, and who during the past o years has been proposed as

1. Senator from Massachusetts, in ich he has faith.
2. Representative from Massachuts—remember J. Q. Adams!
3. Dairy dictator of New England, ere he once milked cows.
4. Justice of the Supreme Court, though he never sat on a bench.
5. The Will Hays of the theatre, graveyard of those spiritual values which he made to pay dividends.
6. Speaker of the House, and, after Longworth, a dour one he'd seem.
7. President of the United States, to restore prosperity single-handed.

Why this man should be urged to take so many jobs besides the newspaper job he now holds is rather difficult to explain. Is it because Americans were impressed by his six years as President or because they are distressed by his ten months as columnist?

Lesson for Democrats

THERE is a practical lesson for American politicians, and particularly for the Democratic party, in the victory of the British Labor government in the House of Commons on April 16. Striking at Premier MacDonald's weakest point, British Conservatives set out to overthrow him for his failure to solve the unemployment problem, but found their motion of censure rejected by a vote of 305 to 251, with thirty-five Liberals providing the decisive majority. Undoubtedly the Liberals were influenced by the fact that, however weak Labor's unemployment program may be, the Conservative program is a great deal weaker. Had the Conservatives something positive and promising to offer, they might have had more Liberal support.

Just as, in Britain, the Conservatives are attempting to make political capital from the failure of the Laborites to do anything important about employment, so in the United States the Democrats are attempting to make political capital from the similar failure of the Republicans. While the Democrats will without doubt win many votes on this issue, they could win more by heeding the lesson lately taught in the House of Commons. If they are to attack the Republicans most convincingly, they will have to construct an appealing economic program of their own. This need not and should not contain panaceas, for the country has become soundly skeptical about the ability of political parties to produce prosperity. But it must at least offer a few means of preparing for and combating unemployment; must at least clarify the Democratic attitude on such major economic problems as the tariff, public utilities and the anti-trust laws. The preparation of such a program, constructive and in line with the broad trend of business, would call for the best minds of the party. If the Democrats wish to make the most of their opportunities, they will not defer the development of an economic program until the convention of 1932, but will launch the work forthwith.

Home-Wine Hypocrisy

THE status of home-made wine under the prohibition laws is confusing, not by accident, but by design. Our bone-dry national Administration, with our bone-dry majority in Congress, could clear up the confusion very quickly if it wished to. It simply doesn't wish to.

Hence we find the California grape growers boldly advertising and selling a concentrate which will turn to wine if taken home and allowed to ferment. More, we find them employing as counsel Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, formerly Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement. Still more, we actually find them carrying on their activities with the aid of money from the United States Treasury. Finally, as the Crusaders recently pointed out to Prohibition Director Woodcock, we find them setting up an office two blocks from the White House for the sale of grape-juice concentrates and kegs.

Even the Wickersham commission was bold enough to point out that "it appears to be the policy of the government not to interfere" with home wine

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making. Even the Wickersham commission reported that it is "not apparent" why home wine making should be law-

Wide World

LOOKS UPON THE WINE
Amos W. Woodcock, director of national Prohibition Bureau

ful, but not home brewing of beer, or why "it should be penal to make wine commercially for use in homes and not penal to make in huge quantities the material for wine making and set up an elaborate selling campaign for disposing of them."

If the Administration had any desire to clarify the present situation it would take two simple steps. It would first force through Congress a bill ending the special privilege granted by the Volstead act to the farmer's cider and fruit juice, which, unlike beer and other alcoholic beverages, are not illegal unless "intoxicating in fact"—that is, unless a jury decides that they are intoxicating in fact. It would then quickly carry a case to the Supreme Court to determine whether the sale of fruit concentrates is within the law. At present, it comes down to a question of intent, a difficult thing to prove. As Mr. Woodcock wrote to the Crusaders, if the articles of the grape growers "are advertised and sold with an intent that they be used in the manufacture of a beverage which is intoxicating in fact, then such advertisement and sale are unlawful." As matters stand the government prosecutes only when the evidence of unlawful intent is unusually strong, and so grape concentrate is sold by the oceanful, home-made wine floods the nation's kitchens and hypocrisy rules the roost.

▶▶*Royal Guests*

A BIT EXTRAORDINARY these days to see a successful monarch with a pretty wife, a good golf score and some twelve million subjects who give him absolute power and like it. America is taking no little interest in dapper little King Prajadhipok of Siam and the tiny Queen Rambai Barni with her marcelled hair and Paris frocks. The King and Queen, first reigning monarchs to visit this country since Queen Marie of Roumania, will spend most of their time in New York, where the King will undergo an operation for the removal of a cataract on his left eye. Except for a few ceremonious days in Washington, they will be incognito.

The only important absolute monarchy in the world, Siam appears to be well satisfied. Prajadhipok is a first-rate king. Educated in England and France, he has travelled widely and observed thoroughly. His ideas are as modern and practical as the tiled bathrooms in his palace. Moreover, his gracious personality enables him to put his plans into effect without unduly antagonizing the conservative and rather indolent Siamese. While he has made radical reforms in industry, education and government, he is too shrewd to try to bring Oriental, symbol-ridden Siam up to date over-night. Westernizing by example, he is monogamous. He is thrifty. He is gradually equipping his people for a parliamentary form of government. On foundations laid by his able father, he hopes to build a transformed Siam.

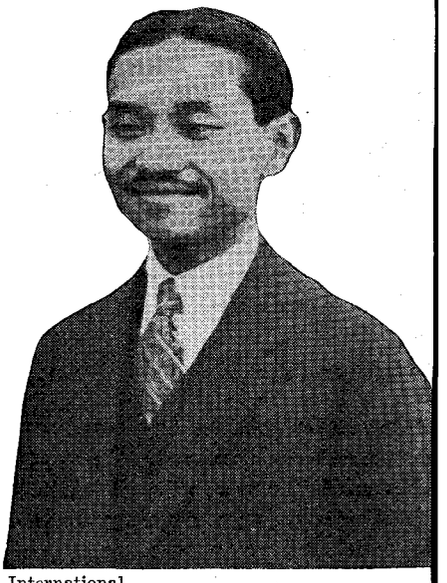
King Prajadhipok pays tribute to American medical science by seeking medical attention here rather than in Europe. Siamese rulers feel friendly toward America; they have had many distinguished Americans as confidential advisors. Sons of influential Siamese are not unlikely to go to Harvard. As for America, it will do well to reciprocate Siam's friendliness. The Siamese rulers are as decorative a royal couple as any country could demand for visitors and it is pleasant to have them here. Already they have brightened spring prospects for hundreds of newsreel photographers and rotogravure editors, and fashion experts are watching Queen Rambai Barni with speculative eyes.

▶▶*As to Babson*

"IF STATISTICS tell anything, they show that business has turned the corner." Who says so? Roger W. Babson, statistician, who also says he would not be surprised "to see a shortage of labor in some lines [not specified] before the end of the year." What of it? Ah, what in deed? The danger of taking Mr. Bab son too seriously is one which we fin comparatively easy to avoid. We quot him in this instance chiefly because rightly or wrongly, when Mr. Babson who became celebrated as a prophet o gloom, sets up as a prophet of joy- that's news.

As the country remembers, Mr. Bab son predicted the stock market crasi of 1929. As the country has forgotten he had been predicting that crash fo so long that sooner or later he had to b right. As the country remembers, M Babson, on September 5, 1929, declare that "sooner or later a crash is comin which will take in the leading stocks an cause a decline of from sixty to eight points in the Dow-Jones barometer." A the country has forgotten, he preface his prediction with the words, "I repea what I said at this time last year and th year before." Let him keep predictin the upturn as he kept predicting th downturn, and sooner or later he will b right again.

But, be as cynical and facetious abou that 1929 prediction as you choose to b and have a right to be, it at least show one thing. It shows that Mr. Babson di not fall for the "new era" nonsense s widely credited and so hotly champione by outstanding economists and busine men back in the dear, dead, late twentie It is hard to believe that but two yea ago these celebrities were assuring



International

PRAJADHIPOK
King of Siam, who is visiting in the Unite States

that there was no danger of a depre sion; that stocks were cheap and bou to rise from 1929 levels; that the end

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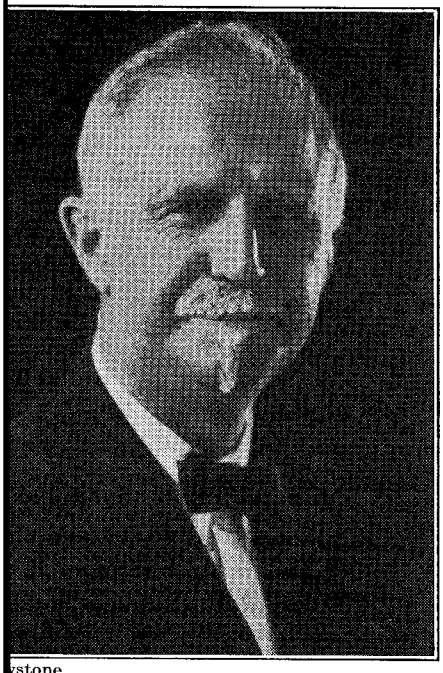
nous volume of brokers' loans was merely a sign of industrial expansion; that he real speculators were not stock buyers but bond buyers; that investment rusts were a dependable stabilizing influence on the market and that the theory f business cycles was buncombe. Among hose who accepted this "new era" doctrine—where is it now, poor thing?—Mr. Babson was not numbered. So here's that to his credit, at any rate.

Khozraschiot

ERIODICALLY, the newspapers favor us ith yarns from Moscow to the effect iat the Soviet Government is making reat concessions to capitalism. The ories are served both with and without ie insinuation that Communism is on s last legs and that our old friend, ie Russian peasant, is disgusted with ie Red order. The latest case in point based on the adoption by the Soviet overnment of a new wage system, now as the khozraschiot, whereby each ictory, mine, railroad, collective farm id so on will have the duty of fulfilling its own contracts and the right to ise or lower wages in proportion to s output.

True to form, the story comes off the ires of the usually trustworthy Associated Press with the notice that "certin elements view the innovation reetfully as a compromise with capitaln" and is placed on the front pages of wspapers under headlines suggesting that capitalism is getting Russia by the scruff of the neck. Any first-class correspondent should know better, should know that the fundamental economic difference between socialism and capitalism is that, while the latter involves individual production for profit, the former involves planned production for use. That is the socialist end and wellnigh everything else is a means. The means Russia employs to reach its end are those which promise to get there in the quickest, most efficient manner—for instance, force, political dictatorship, a five-year plan and Communism itself. The new wage system is just another means, no more a device of capitalism than is the dictatorship of the Communist party. It is simply a human device which promises to speed up production, thereby hastening the development of a socialist state. To intimate that capitalism is conquering Russia is to fly in the face of the facts.



ystone

PROPHET OF JOY
oger W. Babson, who sees business turning the corner

The Stimson Blunder

So THE COLOSSUS of the North grows weak in the knees. Having encouraged American citizens to establish themselves in Central-America, Nicaragua particularly, our government now turns around and runs out on them. That is what the recent change in our Central-American policy amounts to. No quantity of official explaining can give it a fairer face.

Following an outbreak of banditry along the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua resulting in the destruction of American property and the deaths of several Americans and other foreigners, Secretary of State Stimson on April 17 warned American citizens who did not feel secure in the interior to withdraw from the country or to coastal towns where they could be protected or evacuated by American naval forces. Those who remained were told that they did so at their own risk. They "must not expect American forces to be sent inland to their aid." We "cannot undertake general protection of American citizens throughout that country with American forces." To do so, it seems, "would lead to difficulties and commitments which this government does not propose to undertake."

In other words, protection for the coast alone, and devil take the hinterlands. Shades of Theodore Roosevelt and his "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." What a stupid, craven attitude for a self-respecting government to

New York World-Telegram

Americans keep out

take. What an invitation to extend to, what a blessing to bestow on, murder, looting and assorted banditry. What a miserable way to let down American citizens abroad.

For twenty years Marines have been quartered in Nicaragua on the plea that the United States has a special interest in the maintenance of order in that country because of its relation to the Panama Canal and because of the proposed Nicaraguan canal, for which we obtained treaty rights in 1916. Hence, American citizens have not hesitated to enter Nicaragua. Furthermore, our government has actually encouraged them to enter by specifically committing itself (see President Coolidge's statement of 1927) "to insure the adequate protection of all American interests in Nicaragua whether they be endangered by internal strife or by outside interference." Americans have a right to expect their government to act like any self-respecting government and protect its citizens' lives and property in any reasonably accessible part of the world. Americans in Nicaragua have a double right to expect such protection when it has been specifically promised. Moreover, in the end they are going to get it. We dare venture the prediction that sooner or later, in one way or another, Secretary Stimson's indefensible innovation will be abandoned.

Its Motive

THE FUNDAMENTAL TROUBLE with the Stimson move is apparently its motive. It is charged that the move indicates Washington's fear lest further American intervention aggravate Latin-America's antagonism toward the United

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States and injure our foreign trade. More likely it indicates Mr. Stimson's reluctance to admit that his policy toward Nicaragua won't work.

That policy has signified helping Nicaragua to set up a responsible government and then withdrawing the Marines, all but 500 of them by June, 1931, all of them in 1932. If Mr. Stimson, noting the outlaws' raids in northern Nicaragua, had demanded that the Moncada government protect American lives and property, it would soon have demonstrated its inability to do so, since it is not yet a responsible government. On the other hand, if he had sent the Marines to protect these Americans he would have shown the futility of his plans to withdraw them. Evidently it was to avoid both courses that he warned Americans to clear out of the country or scurry to the coasts and let their property go to the devil. No sensible person credited his explanation of April 18 that this is the best way to extend protection, with our cruisers at coast towns and the undependable Nicaraguan National Guard operating in the interior. Then, for the sake of consistency, he issued a similar stick-to-the-coast order to our forces hurrying to the protection of Americans endangered by the rebellion which broke out on April 19 in Honduras.

But the Stimson about-face not only betrays, confuses and imperils our nationals in Nicaragua. It leaves foreign governments in the air as to the steps they may take to safeguard the interests of their own nationals, and leaves these nationals perplexed as to the support they may expect from Washington. It flatly ignores the doctrine that no European government may intervene in Central-America, and we shall be lucky if European governments do not make us unpleasantly aware of the fact.

Europe has granted us the right of being the sole protector of foreign lives and property in the southern republics. With this right goes a duty—the duty of providing the protection. There is no half-way station. If we demand the right we must fulfill the duty. If we abandon the duty we must abandon the right. We must either continue to provide protection in Central-America or forget the Monroe Doctrine, forget the military and commercial importance of the Panama Canal and permit other powers to provide it, as you may be dead sure they would. Whatever vacillating we may do for the time being, it is easy to see which of these two courses we are going to follow in the long run. It is equally easy to see that Secretary Stimson has made a flagrant, inexcusable blunder.

▶▶*Advl.*

THE New York *Times*, that treasury of news, has completed its sixth annual Current Events Contest in twenty colleges and universities, with first prize going to Sidney Solomon Rubin of Dartmouth. Most of the questions in the test are "Who's" and "What's." For instance:

Who is the Governor General of Canada, the Governor of Wisconsin, the national director of unemployment relief, the holder of the automobile speed record, the King of Ethiopia, the chairman of the House committee on Communist activities, the Secretary of Labor, the director of prohibition enforcement, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the Queen of Bulgaria, Abraham Flexner, Ralph S. Kelley, Sir John Simon, Gates W. McGarrah, John J. Parker, Sir Isaac Isaacs and Tom Mooney?

International

PRESIDENT OF SPAIN
Alcala Zamora, head of provisional government at Madrid

What planet approaches nearest the earth, horse won the Kentucky Derby, play won the Pulitzer Prize for 1929-30, actor attracted attention by playing in London the part of Othello, university claims Roscoe Pound as a faculty member, type of ships caused the greatest controversy in the London disarmament conference, veteran North Carolina Senator lost his seat, punishmen was imposed on General Butler, Euro pean sovereign succeeded his son on th throne, prominent prohibitionist defie a Senate investigating committee, woma magistrate has become involved in th New York City investigations, has bee done in the reapportionment of th House, was Judge Clark's decision as t the Eighteenth Amendment, aviator made a direct flight from Paris to Ne York, parts are played by the Roosevel family in public life, prominent Amer can expelled from France last Septem ber, former Cabinet officer was electe to the Senate, and, finally, what Britis Minister lost his life in the wreck c the R-101?

Men and women with retentive men ories will know the answers to most c these questions if they have been reg lar and careful readers of any one c several first-rate American newspaper for example, the New York *Times*. C course, if they wish to know not onl "Who" and "What" but "How," "Why and, particularly, "What About It, they will read not the newspapers alon but also a weekly magazine entitle OUTLOOK AND INDEPEN—

But modesty overwhelms us and fo bids us to continue.

▶▶*The Spanish Republic*

CONTRARY to the widespread schoo book notion that King Alfonso was di lodged by a sudden and spontaneo public uprising, his downfall was a tually brought about by the we organized groundwork of Republica who had been plugging away for mont If any doubt of this thorough organiz tion and preparation remained after t Republican outbreaks and rebellions the past few years, notably that of la December, it was dispelled during t week in which Alfonso abandoned l throne. It is true that his decision ca two days after the Republicans had w decisive victories in the municipal el tions and a few hours after the Repu lican flag had been hoisted over ma town halls. But it is more significa that Alfonso was making efforts to ke his throne on the morning of April and that he desisted in the afterno only when Republican leaders intimat that, if he did not, they were sufficien well prepared so that they could a would call a revolution at dusk.

Careful Republican planning w ever more forcibly evidenced immedia ly after the dethronement. Indeed, t

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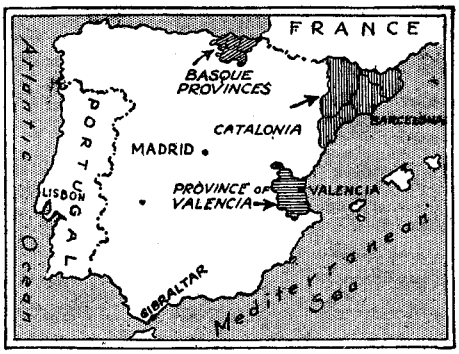
Republicans had mapped out their program to the point of deciding who was to fill each office in the provisional government set up to rule by decree until a new constitution could be written after elections in May. With Don Niceto Alcala Zamora as Provisional President, there was neither hesitancy on the part of the government nor an opportunity for destructive rioting on the part of the people. The whole tenor of the new régime was indicated by the signs pasted on Alfonso's palace—*People! Respect This Edifice! It Is Yours!*

The fact that President Zamora issued a call for law and order was less noteworthy than the fact that he secured it. If any of the flag-bearing crowds of Madrid were bent on mischief, they got nowhere. The Republicans had seen to it that guards were stationed on every hand—guards so powerful and well controlled that the Queen slept undisturbed and the government was not obliged to avail itself of the Socialist offer of 100,000 armed men. There were no days of terror, no guillotines to delight the mob. To put it in a sentence, there was a new government on Tuesday, a holiday on Wednesday and a conventional workday on Thursday. This businesslike policy paid dividends both at home and abroad. The Spanish army and navy immediately came under the control of the new government, which was recognized by France on Friday and by eight other countries before the end of the week. Rarely if ever before has a nation changed its form of government so smoothly and efficiently.

▶▶*Its Future*

As a pretender to the throne, Alfonso is nothing if not determined. Reluctant as he was to surrender his crown in fact, he was doubly reluctant to surrender it in theory. His manifesto was neither an abdication nor a renunciation of the throne but an ingenious notice that he was stepping aside to avoid civil war. To be sure, Alfonso recognized that he had lost the affection of the public, but he also declared that he was "certain his disaffection will not be definitive" and that he was "waiting to learn the real expression of the collective opinion of my people." "I am King of all the Spaniards," he said, "and I am myself a Spaniard." Thus Alfonso left Spain, whither he is unlikely to return in the immediate future, since there has been no indication that the constitutional elections in May will turn against the republic. While he is waiting hopefully in Paris his opponents are actively at work in Madrid, their agents scattered all over the country, their propaganda going full blast. Yet to assume that the elections will run true to forecasts is not necessarily to assume that Spain will be a republic forever.

Aside from the country's monarchist tradition, monarchist parties and monarchist voters, a long-time view of Spain shows other forces which may work against the republic. There is, first of all, the separatist problem, starting with demands for autonomous republics in Catalonia, the Basque provinces and the Province of Valencia. Where separatism will end there is no foretelling, though the Madrid government is determined that its ultimate limit will be a federation of Spanish republics. Even so, the difficulties of holding separatism in check may prove a strong point for monarchism. Attempts on the part of the government to separate church and state also threaten to land the republic in hot water. Still another serious problem is provided by the division of the monarchy's opponents into Republican, Socialist and Communist camps which have little in common now that the overthrow of the monarchy is an accomplished fact. With a coalition government in the offing, Spain faces no end of unsatisfactory compromises from which prophets can conclude nothing save that for years to come the pretender to the Spanish throne will at least command serious attention.



Courtesy of N. Y. Herald Tribune

Europe's new Republic; shaded areas show centers of separatist movement in Spain

▶▶*Cheerful Little Earful*

Former-Senator France of Maryland, in his recent statement launching his campaign for the Republican nomination for President, found "nations disturbed by intolerant domestic faction; the ligaments of international association torn, the arteries of intercourse blocked, the nerves of effective international concert paralyzed; painful financial dislocations; industrial depression; unemployment; distressed agriculture; demoralized markets; surplus of foods and goods here, famine and desperate need there; unbalanced national budgets; enormous deficits; unprecedented peace-time preparations for further war; racketeering; defiance of law; governments impoverished, embarrassed, embittered; the peoples denied the opportunities, the rights, the spiritual peace for which they fought; a discordant, disorganized, divided, leaderless world."

"These," he says, "are some of the evils which confront us." For the purpose of easy identification, Mr. France will hereafter be referred to in these columns as the Happiness Boy.

▶▶*Perfecting Birth Control*

In the case advanced by opponents of birth control the practical arguments have proved far stronger than the religious. Despite the prohibitions of religion, supported in many countries by law, knowledge and use of contraceptives have spread throughout the civilized world. But it is unquestionably a weakness in the case of birth control advocates that no contraceptive method has yet been discovered which fulfills all the requirements of certainty and convenience, health and esthetics.

Hence the interest of a recent statement in Chicago by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* who referred to the large-scale experiments being carried on, with animals in the United States, with human beings in Japan and Russia, to the end of perfecting a means of birth control by immunization. "The problem," he pointed out, "is to develop a potent inoculation that will be effective in all cases and for definite periods of time, if possible." He declared that "the time apparently is near at hand when medicine will enable a woman to forestall birth through immunization for a considerable period."

When and if that time arrives the opposition to birth control will probably crumble to pieces. If the practical obstacles in the way of birth control are overcome, in time the legal and religious prohibitions are likely to disappear. The new information, like the present in-

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formation, will inevitably spread like wildfire. The problem of control will more than ever demand the attention of church, school and home—agencies which should be abandoning their old attitude and preparing to cope with the present status and probable advance of knowledge on this subject. As clear as the necessity for regulation will be the futility of prohibition. The new power will of course be dangerous. "All power is dangerous because it can be misused, and misused power causes endless misery," said Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick in this magazine. "To suppose, however, that, because power is dangerous, mankind, having once gotten its hands on power, will surrender it for fear of its peril, is a vain expectation."

▶▶*At the Fair Grounds*

With Big Bill Thompson off the slate and a general clean-up promised by Mayor Cermak, Chicago has turned renewed energy into plans for its century-of-progress exposition, scheduled for 1933. Suave committees are attempting to entice to their jamboree states and nations which hesitated to entrust money to Big Bill's Chicago. All Chicago, we are given to understand, is bent on outdoing other cities which have ventured to hold expositions—even bent on outdoing her own World's Fair of 1893, of glamorous memory to most Americans over fifty.

Prosperity willing, of course, for, should the business depression drag on through 1932, the fair might be out of the question. But Chicago is taking a chance on that, landscaping newly filled shores of Lake Michigan, completing three major buildings and starting a fourth. Chicago is taking a chance, too, on modern psychology. For, admitting that the purpose of the exposition—to unfold for a world-wide public the story of the progress of man—is laudable, and that, thanks to modern science, those in charge have the opportunity to create a fairyland of beauty and a treasure house of information, the question remains: Will Americans go to the fair?

They went in 1893—one out of every six, according to Mark Sullivan's conservative estimate in *Our Times*. But life was different in 1893. For instance, not so many Americans had ever been to Chicago. Going to the fair was a thrilling jaunt, an experience to be remembered. From all over the country Main Street journeyed breathlessly to see the foreign villages along the Midway, the European architecture, the collections of painting and sculpture. Thousands of eyes, accustomed to drab Victorianism, looked for the first time on beauty, and their cities and homes were directly and materially influenced by the new ideas they carried away.

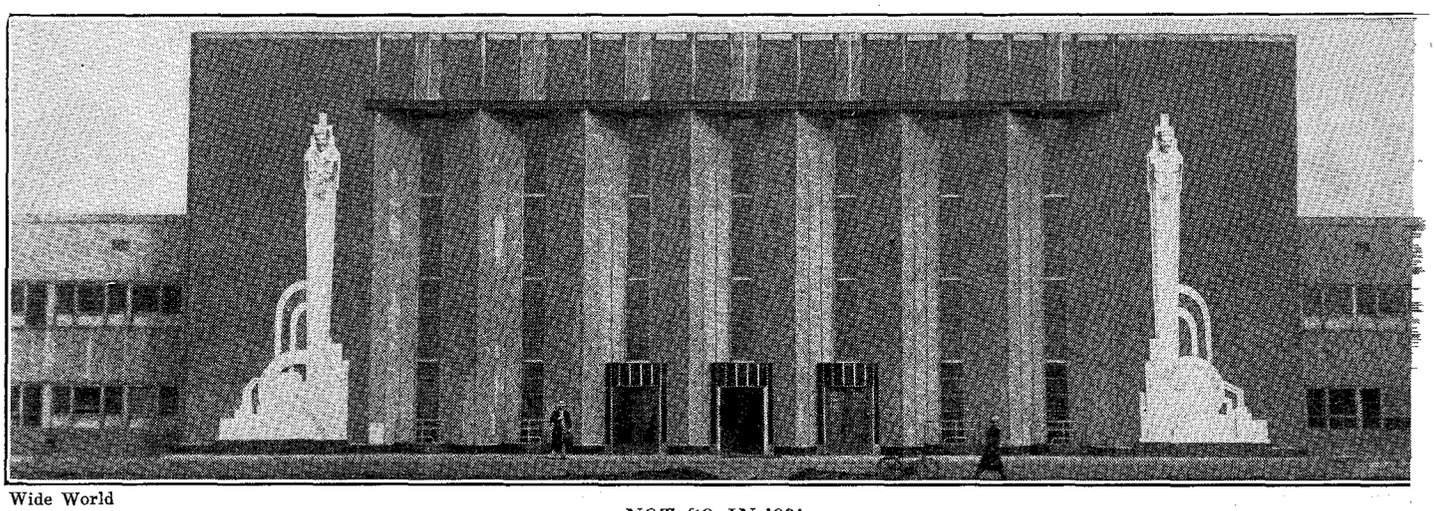
Today Main Street is less readily impressed. Many average citizens have visited European capitals; the rest have seen them in the movies. Modern shops, newspapers, radios and magazines take the edge off the surprises of modern art, science and invention. If Americans are to flock to Chicago in 1933, it must be because they are offered something decidedly more exciting and exhilarating than they can find near home. One suspects that so far they're all from Missouri.

▶▶*A Case In Point*

"In the desperate effort to compel obedience to law," said George W. Wickersham in his recent address at Cincinnati, "experience has shown that those who are charged with the high function of enforcing the law sometimes stoop to attain their ends by means as illegal as the acts they seek to punish or suppress." The fact is so obvious that, even when voiced by the chairman of the discredited Wickersham Commission, it will presumably arouse little disagreement.

Nor need Mr. Wickersham strain his eyes to find a case in point. Last week we ventured to belittle Secretary of Labor Doak's drive to deport aliens who have entered the United States illegally, a drive advertised far and wide as a measure to relieve unemployment. We said that, even if the Department deported 20,000 aliens during the fiscal year 1930-31, and even if each deportation meant another job for a citizen, work would be provided for only one three-hundredth of our unemployed. Now we learn that, not only is the objective of the drive unimportant; the means used to reach this objective are decidedly dubious.

Arrests without warrants, illegal searches and seizures and other invasions of personal rights have marked the Doak deportation campaign, according to the report of Reuben Oppenheimer of Baltimore, an expert employed by the Wickersham Commission. After studying five hundred deportation cases, Mr. Oppenheimer has concluded that there is need for an independent judicial body to which aliens might appeal. Illegal deportations, he says, have been numerous. Specifically, he condemns the Labor Department's raid on a Finnish dance hall in New York on February 14. And how does Secretary Doak meet the criticism that the aliens in this case were



Wide World

NOT SO IN '93!
Entrance to the Administration Building at Chicago's 1933 World's Fair

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held without warrants? Why, by replying that, "had any other course been pursued, it is almost certain that all, or practically all, concerned would have escaped deportation." The answer squares exactly with Mr. Wickersham's remark in Cincinnati. We respectfully call the latter's attention to it, and ask him what he thinks of this as a statement to come from a Cabinet member.

▶▶*Clergy on War and Peace*

It is easy to exaggerate the significance of the 19,000 replies to questionnaires on war and peace which were sent to 53,000 American clergymen by a group including Sherwood Eddy, S. Parkes Cadman and Kirby Page, editor of *The World Tomorrow*. There is of course the fact that what a clergyman says and does about war in peacetime often bears no relation to what he says and does about it in wartime; clergy are commonly great fire-eaters when the bands begin to play. But aside from this, there are other factors which qualify the importance of this poll. In the first place, one cannot be sure that the results truly represent the opinion of American clergymen. The questionnaires were sent to Protestant clergymen alone, thereby leaving out the Catholics, who are the ranking denomination, numerically, in thirty-three states and the District of Columbia, the Jews, whose importance is beyond question, and the Mormons, who hold first place in Utah and Idaho. Secondly, they were sent to only about half of the Protestant clergymen, the unquestioned including the Lutherans and the Southern Methodist and Baptist Churches, which are first in ten states. As a matter of fact, the questionnaires were sent to clergymen whose denominations are the leading ones in but three states, Kansas, West Virginia and Tennessee.

These facts tend to destroy the weight of 12,000 votes for and 3,000 against the immediate entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, 2,500 for and 1,600 against military training in public schools and colleges, 15,000 for and 2,700 against substantial reductions in armaments, 12,000 for and 4,800 against armed intervention by the United States to protect American lives and property in other lands.

No fewer than 12,000 clergymen believe, while 4,700 do not believe, that the churches should go on record as refusing to sanction or support any war, while 10,000 clergymen are, and 5,800 are not, "personally" determined not to sanction a war or fight in one. But the entire import of this is changed when a clear majority of the respondents—8,300 as against 7,100—qualify it by saying that they feel justified in sanctioning and participating in a war of "defense" while an even larger majority—8,700 as against 6,100—could "conscientiously serve as an official army chaplain on active duty in wartime." No nation ever admits that it is fighting any kind of war except a war of "defense" and clergymen are not asked to do more than serve as army chaplains.

▶▶*Baker and 1932*

For months Newton D. Baker has been an also-present in speculation as to the next Democratic nominee for President. Indeed, the recent Straus poll of the delegates and alternates to the national convention of 1928 showed that the Baker-for-President movement was every whit as strong as that for Senator Robinson or Governor Ritchie though weak as compared to those for Governor Roosevelt, former Governor Smith and Owen D. Young. Under such circumstances, most politicians—looking back to five years as Secretary of War and to three party conventions which heard his name, looking forward to 1932 when Democratic prospects should be brighter than they have been since 1912—would be scurrying around for delegates and praying for the best.

Mr. Baker does nothing of the sort. Although he has issued no statement himself, it was after a conference with him on April 17 that a statement was

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 608.

All that is the matter with the present business situation is a lack of confidence.—Mayor H. A. Mackey.

Miss Sophie Shindler, 914 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., $5 prize.

In my opinion, the public is fed up with stocks.—Roger Babson.

Henry C. Suter, South Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

It's fortunate to be the son of a poor father. Rich fathers send autos and bulldogs to college.—Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Mrs. Rose Deemer, 2014 Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., $2 prize.

It is good to have money and the things that money can buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Miss Ann Hughes, R. 4, Box 211, Anaheim, Calif., $2 prize.

The elections reveal to me that today I have not the love of my people.—Alfonso XIII of Spain.

Miss Alicia Frusher, 516 Wisconsin Ave., Madison, Wis., $2 prize.

The racketeer and the Constitution offer the citizen the same guarantee—life, liberty, property and pursuit of happiness.—Alva Johnston.

Alexander Pogany, 112 Huron St., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

At [the University of] Illinois, there is drinking among the students. There has been and always will be drinking among students.—Dean Thomas Arkle Clark.

Hal Burnett, 906 S. Sixth St., Champaign, Ill., $2 prize.

The great thing about time is that it goes on.—Prof. A. S. Eddington.

George Hugh Banning, 128 West 12th St., New York, $2 prize.

No judge on the bench today has ever done a favor where there was money involved. Public officials are just what the community expects them to be.—Judge Nathan Sweedler.

Dr. Nathan P. Tanners, 333 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y., $1 prize.

If somebody offered you a thing like that [recommendation for a judgeship] would you just say "Thank you" and not leave him a present? Would you really be such a rotter?—District Leader Annie Mathews.

Miss S. C. Ward, 550 Ft. Wash. Ave., New York, $1 prize.

I have always wanted babies more than anything else in the world and I love a home.—Estelle Taylor.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa., $1 prize.

It's just possible that I might file a divorce action, but what I'm really here [at Reno] for is a rest.—Jack Dempsey.

G. Derk Green, Marceline, Missouri, $1 prize.

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issued by W. B. Congwer, Democratic leader of Cleveland. From this it appears that the kind things said about Mr. Baker as a possible Democratic candidate are "gratifying to Mr. Baker's friends and naturally to him" but that he has "no desire for further political preferment of any kind and no interest in possible candidates." Apparently Mr. Baker will do nothing to gain the nomination but would be glad to have it if offered. That is a remote possibility. However, it does Mr. Baker no harm to have every one know that he stands for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of the whole prohibition question to the states. He has said so over and over again, emphatically, in fact, in his supplement to the Wickersham report. There is always a chance that the lightning will strike and, whatever is done about the leading candidates, the Democrats are fortunate in having a wet of Mr. Baker's ability and straightforwardness in the background.

▶▶*In Brief*

YOU PRONOUNCE IT Pra-chá-ti-pok. . . . While we dislike to lose money as much as the next man, we are willing to risk a nickel on a bet that that Negro Communist who is running for public office in North Carolina will not be elected. . . . In the fullness of time American newspaper readers may begin to wonder how Russia manages to swing so frequently and so far toward the Right without moving an inch from the Left. . . . Only a chronic pessimist would continue to worry now that a news dispatch from Boston reports an increase of seven-tenths of one per cent in employment in that state's wholesale and retail trade, and an increase of one-tenth of one per cent in the aggregate weekly payroll, for the month ended March 15. . . . Henry Ford says that if the Eighteenth Amendment were repealed there would be reductions in wages. Whereas, as everyone knows, with the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution wages are getting higher all the time and there is plenty of work for everybody. . . . A Los Angeles showman has cabled to King Alfonso asking him to appear in the talkies. Despite everything, our movie magnates preserve their sense of proportion. . . . Eager to keep our readers informed, we hasten to point out that this is the time of year when many Americans move or have moved their clocks back or ahead an hour, we forget just which.

Women Become People

WITHOUT EXCEPTION, the women of America owe a debt of gratitude to Pauline Morton Sabin of New York. They owe her this debt, whether or not they agree with her in her stand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, for Mrs. Sabin has made clear beyond any reasonable doubt that women are really people.

It was Alice Duer Miller in the old suffrage campaigns who first insistently raised the query, Are women people? Many suffragists had raised the question before her advent, but in her hands it became a slogan which had much to do with the final success of the movement. Ironically enough, however, it was a slogan whose promise was not immediately fulfilled. Once the suffrage had been granted a strange lethargy overtook those who had striven for it. Instead of any great political leadership arising within the ranks of women, nothing happened. The old leaders rested upon their laurels. The rank and file seemed content to listen to their husbands and vote Democratic or Republican as the case might be. Practical politicians, as soon as they recovered from their fright, quickly found that men led as before. The only clear result was a doubling of the electorate and a certain amount of fear of, and resultant calculation upon, what were considered to be the prejudices and emotions of women—not as people, but as a sex. Certain shibboleths were taken for granted as applying to all women and political platforms were framed accordingly. Probably the greatest of these shibboleths was that women as a sex would always stand as a unit in favor of bone-dry prohibition. So convincing was the statement that amateur psychologists even declared that American women would never be open to reason where the difficult problem of the control of liquor was concerned. As a sex they were blindly against any discussion of it. Upon this theme Anti-Saloon leaders improvised skillfully. Dry clergymen took up the chant, adding a religious chord to the accompaniment. Such leaders of the old school of women as Ella Boole and Mrs. Peabody made the argument more clinching by talking about prohibition as solely a great "moral" question upon which women stood solid. No matter what happened, such leaders declared, the woman vote would always be dry. Women, in short, were not people, they were merely a sex; which voted according to its emotional prejudices.

Without Mrs. Sabin and her associates, the country might still be believing just that. Particularly without the visual demonstration of numbers just given by her Association's recent Washington convention, the country might still be believing it. Yet that convention cannot be laughed off. It is only a little over two years since Mrs. Sabin began her campaign for members. To date her success and that of her associates has been astounding to people who held the old-fashioned view of the feminine mind. It has been little short of remarkable to those who have an intimate knowledge of the difficulties that abound in any such project, male or female. The twelve hundred delegates who met in Washington represent over 300,000 women living in thirty-one states, organized into live and flourishing branches. No mixture of motives binds together these 300,000 women. They are unlike the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the church societies. They resemble only their sworn enemies, and the W. C. T. U. in that they definitely and individually really believe what they are represented to believe. They are 300,000 thinking women citizens who have ceased to be merely women and have become people.

In a democracy such as ours this is a healthy and exhilarating thing. It is also something to put intelligent masculine opponents of prohibition upon their mettle. True, the cohorts are only just beginning to assemble. In several elections, and particularly in the field of publicity and debate, the men's anti-prohibition associations have done excellent work. The latest organization in the field, the youthful Crusaders, is already a force in some sections. But from the standpoint of practical organization Mrs. Sabin's legions have outdistanced both their masculine allies.

What an upset of preconceived notions if it turned out to be the women of America and not the men who led in repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. Said Matthew Woll of the Federation of Labor, addressing the women's convention: "I do not find the use of liquor to be in any sense a moral issue. Fanaticism has sought to link liquor to religion for the sake of winning by preju-

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dice a battle that it never could win by reason." Well, prejudice will avail no longer with the intelligent women of this country. Before the next election we predict that Mrs. Sabin and her followers will number over a million women who are not swayed by prejudice, but who are guided by reason. Women have become people.

THE EDITORS.

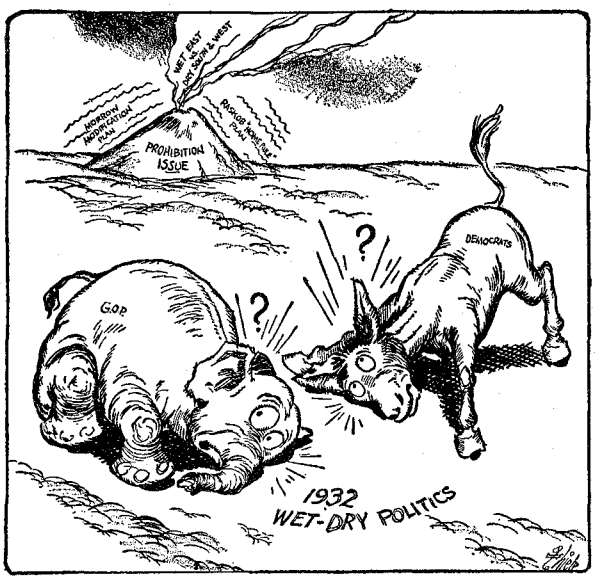
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE note a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding among politicians and political observers in their discussions of the New York situation, especially with respect to the relations between that State's three presidential candidates. The general view seems to be that Al Smith is the dominant figure, and that if he does not get the nomination himself, he can just about dictate the 1932 opponent of Herbert Hoover. Long-distance guessers also assign to Mr. Smith a greater fondness for either himself or Owen D. Young than for Franklin D. Roosevelt, and they place National Chairman John J. Raskob in the Smith-Young corner. In this latter conclusion, we imagine, they are undoubtedly correct, but in their estimate of the comparative influence enjoyed by Mr. Smith and Gov. Roosevelt in the Democratic camp they are woefully in error.

Mr. Smith, we are informed by his confidants, is keen for another try at the White House, and with good cause, perhaps. His personal reason for thinking he ought to be nominated once more, we hear, is that he demonstrated his strength when he rolled up 15,000,000 votes, as against 8,000,000-plus for John W. Davis in 1924 and about 9,000,000 for James M. Cox in 1920. But Mr. Smith has an even stronger reason for believing himself to be the logical candidate. If, as he argues, he was not defeated because of his religion, changing conditions seem to have shown that he was simply a bit premature in his prohibition platform. Moreover, his friends say, if his wet attitude militates against him, it must also work against his greatest rival, Gov. Roosevelt. In short, the Smith partisans take the view that the New York Governor ought to step aside and permit Al to capitalize whatever prestige he may have acquired through his 1928 venture.

That may be excellent logic, but it takes little account of practical politics. Hated by most of the Tammany leaders, especially by Johnnie Curry, the Wigwam boss, and on the outs with Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, Mr. Smith has about as much chance of getting any delegates from his own State as Tom-Tom Heflin. He has not visited "the Hall" in months, and no longer chums with his friends of happier days. Perhaps the most accurate measure of Al's status with the political powers in New York State and City is the fact that he was not permitted to go to last fall's State convention as a delegate. By the same token, Tammany can prevent him from attending the national convention if it cares to carry the present feud to such an extreme. The "Happy Warrior" may be the most popular Democrat in the country in so far as public sentiment is concerned, but it is impossible to mobilize that sort of support at a convention. Mr. Smith, unfortunate as it may seem, stands at the mercy of selfish, parochial podestas who think that he has "gone high-hat," and have not forgotten the days when he ruled the organization with a heavy and honest hand.



Bayonne (N. J.) Times

Keeping their ears close to the ground

Gov. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is the darling of the New York political boys. Despite several incidents which may lead the public to infer that the Governor has broken with Tammany, and that he has taken drastic steps for possible ousting of certain officials, Mr. Roosevelt has, up to the present, kept on the best of terms with Mr. Curry, and, though to a smaller degree, with Mayor Walker. Tammany has got more patronage from Mr. Roosevelt than it did from Mr. Smith. The Governor has banished from his circle the "Kitchen Cabinet" set up by Al and fiercely resented by the regular bosses. Mr. Curry has visited Mr. Roosevelt at the Executive Mansion, and they are the best of pals. The Governor has also been kind to the other rulers of the Democratic organizations in the five boroughs which compose New York City. On current reckoning, he will go to the next national convention with their enthusiastic support. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt has shown greater skill and vision than did Mr. Smith in his handling of the up-State democracy. Whereas Al, as Governor, neglected the rural folk, Mr. Roosevelt has cultivated them assiduously.

In view of this situation, Mr. Smith's supposed power virtually vanishes. He cannot become a factor as a candidate until Gov. Roosevelt, either out of the goodness of his heart or failure to make the grade, says the word. Even then, we doubt if Al could get the nomination, for the South and West regard his nomination as political suicide. It is then, perhaps, that the name of Mr. Young may be heard from the New York section of the convention hall. The General Electric chairman, we are told, appeals more to the Raskob-Smith-Kenny-Baruch coterie than does Mr. Roosevelt, whose power program is held to be "socialistic" by the more conservative interests. Mr. Roosevelt, it should be remembered, contemplates distribution of electricity by the State if it should be unable to make satisfactory contracts with private industry for that purpose, whereas Mr. Smith's plan simply looked toward generation of power by the State. There is quite a difference.

At the present moment Mr. Roosevelt seems a likely nominee on the first ballot, but he must emerge from the mess of graft and corruption in New York City without political discredit. A nomination obtained through temporizing with Tammany too long, he ought to realize, may not be worth the having. In

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the event their feuds kill off all the New York men, as is quite possible, we would not be surprised to see Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland or Newton D. Baker dark horse their way to a nomination. And the Democrats might do far worse.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶*Steel, Screen and Smokes*

IF JUSTIFICATION must be found for a sibilant caption—it must be the Spring. Anyway, the outstanding headlines in the business news of the week have to do with three major industries—steel, motion pictures and tobacco.

Bethlehem is still out in front with its campaign for proxies to back up Mr. Schwab's bonus policy, under which president Eugene G. Grace received a little honorarium of $1,625,753 in a single year. Mr. Schwab and his associates in the management claim to have 72% of the proxies in hand, and although he is having to stand a considerable amount of heckling, masculine and feminine, he appears to be confident of a favorable outcome.

On April 15, transfer of Fox Film's holdings in Loew's, Inc., under the refunding of the $55,000,000 one-year debentures of the company, was accepted by Federal Judge Knox as a compliance with all demands made in the government suit against the corporation, charging violation of the Clayton Act. A consent decree was entered, ending the suit.

P. Lorillard & Company are fighting a restraint order granted in March on petition of Scott & Stringfellow of Richmond, representing eleven minority stockholders living in that city. The order restrained the company from adopting a cash bonus plan, and Vice Chancellor Bigelow of Jersey City ruled that the plan, which contemplates distribution of a bonus to officers and employees in proportion to their common stock holdings, is illegal in New Jersey unless approved by the stockholders. Bulletins from Jersey City are being carefully scanned in and about Bethlehem, Pa.

▶▶*"Ket"*

THIS week's nomination for the Business Hall of Fame is Dayton's famous inventor and leader in industrial research, Charles Franklin Kettering, widely and affectionately known as "Ket."

It is no easy matter to write impersonally about this man, for he once saved our life. After hearing four speakers (learned, unmagnetic and entirely without terminal facilities) we had slipped into a coma and were about to expire when "Ket" was introduced. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "my job is to keep the automobile owner reasonably dissatisfied with his car." Along with the rest of the audience we suddenly revived, and "Ket" has been a hero to all of us ever since.

A product of Ohio State, Kettering achieved his first notable engineering feat in the invention of the starting, lighting and ignition device for automobiles later known as "Delco." He invented also the "Delco light" for farmhouse illumination. But his greatest work, which has landed him in the conspicuous post of president and general manager of General Motors Research Corporation, has been in making the automobile so much more effective and attractive, year after year, that the appetite of buyers has been kept continually on edge. "Ket" may not have invented the trade-in idea, but he has certainly been its star salesman. The present and the future of the motor industry depend on him in far greater degree than is generally known and appreciated. And yet there isn't an ounce of conceit or swank in his make-up. Big, breezy, human, tolerant, he values more than anything else the fact that the automobile world knows him, trusts him and likes him well enough to call him "Ket."

Keystone

CHARLES F. KETTERING

▶▶*More Teamwork*

APPROPRIATING a leaf from the book of the automobile manufacturers, the directors of the Manufacturers Aircraft Association, Inc., meeting during the aviation show at Detroit, adopted a far-reaching plan for patent research and development of inventive ideas for the improvement of flying craft.

The leader in the movement is Frank H. Russell, president of the Association, who was the first manager of the Wright Brothers Airplane Company. During the war, as vice-president and general manager of the Burgess Company, Mr. Russell helped to organize the Association and to put into effect a system of cross-licensing which made patents available to all airplane builders, headed off litigation and put the manufacturers in a position to use whatever devices they needed, without interference.

About 75% of all the ships exhibited at Detroit were produced under this cross-licensing agreement. The new plan, without disturbing the present arrangement in regard to patents, pools the ideas and thoughts of the industry as they reach the stage of development which warrants application for a patent. Many good ideas have been abandoned at this stage because of lack of interest and coöperation, and the new plan will enable airplane makers who develop useful ideas to bring them past the experimental stage and make them available for the industry as a whole.

▶▶*Will London Win Out?*

SITTING in a ringside seat and watching the battle between London, Paris and New York for leadership in international finance, Dr. Paul Einzig forecasts, in *The Fight for Financial Supremacy* (Macmillan, $3) an ultimate victory for London over her French and American rivals.

Dr. Einzig frankly admits that the accumulation of huge claims against several European states gives the United States a decided advantage over Great Britain, and that the position of France is greatly strengthened by possession of a large gold reserve and substantial balances abroad. But he favors London as the final winner, because of superior technical organization, advantageous position, traditions and experience.

The world's three greatest financial centers should, says Dr. Einzig, find a basis of coöperation, as no one of them is now strong enough to support a big international loan transaction without the help of the others.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶Proposed Rowing Merger

ROGER DERBY, a former Harvard athlete, seeks to hasten the millennium in college rowing. He proposes that Harvard and Yale engage a joint crew coach, go fifty-fifty on his salary, and agree that he divide his time between the two institutions.

"Instead of competing with each other for professional rowing instructors," writes Derby, who managed the 1905 crew at Cambridge, "Harvard and Yale could strike a blow for sportsmanship by hiring a common coach whose sole object would be to send two well-grounded fights to the starting line at New London. This joint coach would have assistants permanently stationed at Cambridge and New Haven. He could visit each college in turn, spending as much time at either place as the specific situation appeared to warrant. Since both fights would row the same type of stroke and be rigged in identical fashion, the issue would hinge on the oarsmen themselves. As it is now, crew races are actually decided by coaching superiority rather than by the personal prowess of the sweep pullers."

Derby confesses that he is not a disinterested crusader. He admits that the monotonous procession of Yale victories at New London, under the Ed Leader régime, prompted his suggestion.

This vision of a rowing Utopia has evoked ridicule rather than criticism, though Derby is in dead earnest. One feels that human nature will have to change very radically before such an idealistic plan would work.

Let's suppose that Ed Leader was named admiral of the combined Harvard and Yale navies. Can you picture the bickering, the jealousy, innuendoes, and the mutual suspicions that such a division of responsibility would entail? If Harvard, blessed with superior raw material for rowing, should beat Yale under this joint suzerainty, disgruntled critics would accuse Leader of spending too much time on the winding Charles. Conversely, should Harvard's crew lag during the preliminary regattas, Leader would be importuned—in suavely modulated Beacon Street accents—"to stop hanging around the Housatonic."

For Leader himself it would be a swell arrangement. Presumably he would draw a double salary. Certainly, he could not lose, no matter what the New London outcome. Whether Harvard or Yale rid under the spidery railroad bridge in front it would be "another Leader triumph." I doubt, however, whether Yale men, smarting under Harvard's supremacy on the gridiron, would unselfishly agree to share Ed Leader with the Johnnies. Possession being nine points of the law, I can hear Yale answer Roger Derby—with a flip "Try and get him!"

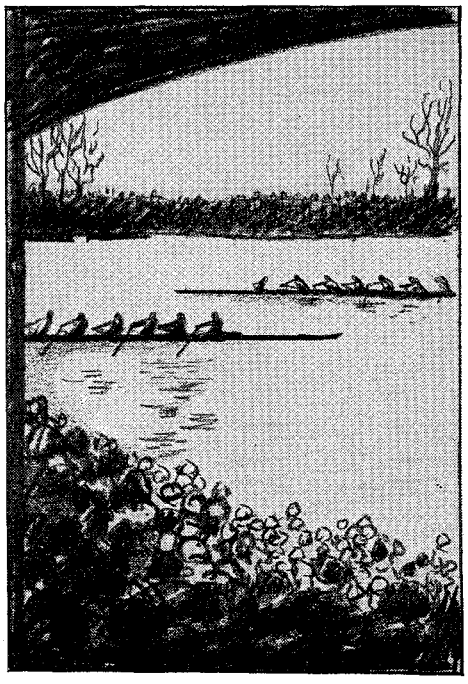
▶▶Coach Wanted

SPEAKING OF IDEALISM, the scheme to "give the game back to the boys" has struck a snag in college baseball. The boys don't want it. A poll of baseball captains in the Eastern Intercollegiate League resulted in a unanimous vote against the rule banning the coach from a seat on the bench. Starting this season, coaches are required to desert the dugout for a grandstand seat during a game.

Evidently, the youngsters don't relish responsibility. College captains complain that the necessity of making decisions under fire dulls the carefree enjoyment they used to get out of baseball. They shrink from antagonizing a pitcher, hesitate to remove him when enemy bats are cracking out a staccato fusillade. Accustomed to lean on the coach, they miss his guidance. They would rather he shouldered the blame for a strategic mistake. They are sensitive to newspaper criticism.

A petition, signed by all the team captains, asking that the coach be restored to the bench, has been rejected by league officials. Professor Charles Kennedy of Princeton, who sponsored the ban on coaches, took the attitude that "father knows best." "The experiment will continue," declared league heads. "We were aware that the immediate reaction of the players might prove unfavorable. The coach-off-the-bench policy has not had a fair trial."

Apparently, college ball players must eat their spinach like good little boys and learn to love it. The game is going to be "given back to them" whether they want it or not.



▶▶Greyhound Racing

DOG RACING attracted 17,119,120 paid admissions during the 1930 season in Great Britain. Even an American sports promoter wouldn't sniff at that kind of money. This sport—or rather amusement enterprise—is gaining converts over here. Small wonder the Jockey clubs at home and abroad are seeking legislative restrictions against so dangerous a rival.

Dog races are usually run at night, the dull-witted but supple-limbed greyhounds chasing a mechanical rabbit with more vigor than discretion. They never seem to learn that they're being buncoed. The British greyhound association allotted $1,397,300 worth of prizes last year. Nobody knows how much the bookmakers took from gullible players. Dog track promoters cater to the working class which can't get away during the daytime to patronize horse races and couldn't afford to in any case.

Greyhound racing on a brilliantly lighted oval makes a pretty spectacle, though it must be confessed that the customers are mercenary minded. They thrill to the graceful sight of a hound at full reach only if he carries their money. The dogs are identified by colored blankets adorned with big numerals. They are released from box stalls as the mechanized "rabbit" flashes past on the outer rim of the turf or cinder track. The hare's pace is controlled by a steward poised high in a tower. A lot depends on his manipulation of the steel bunny for the leading dog can be coaxed to veer wide on the turns if he is allowed to get too near his unappetizing quarry. The trick is to keep the hare so near and yet so far.

At the finish mark the mechanized rabbit swoops into a tunnel as a trap door slams in the sleek snouts of its pursuers. Talk about frustration!

GEORGE TREVOR.

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All Cops Are Grafters

By ONE OF THEM

DRAWINGS BY H. S. BARBOUR

This article is not fiction. It is compiled from letters written by a police sergeant in a large city to Darwin L. Teilhet, an Outlook contributor. Obviously, the name of the policeman and the city cannot be given. Mr. Teilhet set out to find the average policeman's attitude toward graft, rackets, petty crime, prohibition, and law enforcement in general—and here it is.

I GET pretty sick listening to all of these stories about how all our policemen are crooked and ready to take their slice of any easy graft. My son, in the sixth grade, asked me last week at the supper table, "Dad, why don't you get me a bike? All the other kids at school have a bike." I told him we couldn't afford to buy him a bicycle this year.

"But, Dad," he asked, "you're a cop, aren't you?"

"Sure," I said, "I'm a cop. I suppose you'll be calling me a flat-foot next." I was just joking. I don't mind being called a cop. I'm not really a cop any more, for that matter; I've been a desk sergeant now for two years.

"Willy says cops make lots of money. Why can't you get me a bike, then?"

"Who's Willy?" I asked.

"He's in the eighth grade. His dad has a swell butcher shop down on Eads Street. Willy says his father told him all cops were grafters and they make lots of money in graft. I can get a swell bike at Harry Smichtling's for $20! Why don't you make enough graft to get me a bike?"

How would you like to be in a business where even your son thinks that you are a crook? In the old days the policeman was respected. I could afford to be good-natured because no one would think that I was trying to cushion them for a little soft money. Nowadays, if I stop in a restaurant to warm myself with a cup of hot coffee, six times out of ten the proprietor will slip me ten dollars with my change, and then call up the neighborhood politician who does all the fixing and complain that one of the cops was trying to muscle some more graft. So many of the restaurants are speakeasies now that I've been having my wife fix up a lunch for me to eat at the station. I'm not going to risk losing my job by having some of the big shots think I'm trying to get some free publicity and tip over one of their speaks. Let the Federals worry about that. That's what they get paid for. At that, the average policeman takes more risks than they do, and doesn't get paid nearly as much.

I HAVE been on the force for ten years now and I get $7.50 a day. I started for $4.20 a day. One month after I had joined I tried to stop a harbor gang from breaking into one of the silk warehouses on my beat. One of the laddies shot me in the ribs. If the bullet had been up three inches I would have got it in the heart. How would you like to get paid four and five dollars a day for

The first night one of the actors had a speech where he swore. All the actors said I was dumb

patrolling a warehouse district at night which had at least one good homicide case in it every month, not to mention the drunks, and fights and robberies I was supposed to stop? Luckily for me, I got out of the hospital in two months. For all I know, the two I caught going into the warehouse are still in Leavenworth. They sent them up for fifteen years. When I was in the army I learned to shoot from the waist. I stopped them after I hit the sidewalk.

My son's question about me making graft started me to thinking. When I started in 1920 prohibition was just a new thing. We didn't have so much trouble with bootlegging. People seemed more sensible and more honest than now. After I got out of the hospital I was made traffic cop in one of the downtown streets. In those days if I pinched some one for speeding or for cutting past my signal they didn't try to get out of it by telling me they had a friend who would fix it up or by saying, "Here's a fiver, officer. I've got a date with my doctor. Can't you forget it this time?" They expected to be arrested. They didn't take it for granted that they could bribe their way out. Today every one thinks that they can grease our hands and do just about as they please.

In the newspapers now the policemen are being blamed for everything. I think all this dishonesty and racketeering is not so much because the police are incompetent, but because the people are worse today than they ever were. If anything goes wrong a law is passed; then the citizen thinks his responsibility has ended; the police have the job from then on of enforcing the law. In my own city there are over 1,500 laws which I can arrest people for breaking. If we tried to enforce even half the laws that the people break we would lose our jobs in a day. Last year, for example, we got a big rookie named Clarence on the force who was more conscientious than sensible. I was appointed to more or less show him the ropes. One day we were walking down along Columbia Avenue and saw a big truck unloading in the rear of a prominent men's club. This big rookie stopped in front of the truck and sniffed at it. "Harry!" he said to me, all excited, "do you know what they're doing? They're unloading beer!" Before I could stop him he pulled out his gat and told the punks unloading the truck to shove up their hands. He kicked open one of the crates. Sure enough, it was beer. Two or three business men hopped out of their club and got pretty mad when they found out what this rookie had done.

I had to help Clarence out now that he had started. There wasn't anything else I could do. I knew a couple of the punks on the beer truck. I told them to lay off and take it easy, that Clarence was a rookie and that he hadn't been wised up yet. I wasn't afraid for myself because the punks knew I was all right but I didn't want any of their beer runners to start popping at Clarence and do him in. Clarence put in the emergency call and the patrol wagon came up. Old Earny Matthews, who drives the patrol wagon, was so surprised you could have knocked him over. He was so apologetic to the beer punks that Clarence had arrested that I nearly laughed. You see Earny knew this bunch, and I knew that he had been doing some of their greasing for them. Earny and Clarence got them to the county jail all right, but Earny told me later on he didn't know

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whether or not the punks were going to pot Clarence and him.

Of course, Clarence stripped the prisoners of their guns, but he didn't know that the high-powered car following so innocently behind the patrol wagon was carrying a sub-machine gun. A lawyer was waiting to bail the prisoners as soon as they got down to the courthouse. Meantime, I had telephoned Jackson. He is the political boss of the south end of town. Fortunately he married a cousin of mine. For that matter, he got me my job on the police force. I told Jackson that the rookie had been dumb and that the whole arrest was an accident, and asked him to straighten it up for me.

The driver of the patrol wagon was apologetic to the beer punks. He had been doing some of their greasing for them

The club men were sore as hornets about losing the beer. It seems that they were having a big party the next night. They called up some commissioners, and the commissioners got hold of the chief of police, who made it pretty hot for Clarence. Jackson fixed it up for me all right, but Clarence was transferred down to the dock-beat, where he lasted about six months. That shows how much trouble a dumb policeman can make. Yet it wasn't Clarence's fault. It was the business men. They sicked the commissioners on the rookie and had him transferred to the dock-beat. The business men want law and order as long as it doesn't bother them any. As soon as they get arrested then they make things squeal.

I've learned that lesson long ago. I'm not complaining. I've got a lot of good friends among the business men of my city. At Christmas I get sometimes as much as $500 in presents and gifts from them. Last Christmas, on account of the depression, I only got about $300, but I'll get more next year if things pick up. I believe in being nice to people and then they'll be nice to you. You can't call that graft if they want to give you a Christmas present. It's true that a couple of the night clubs in my district gave me a hundred or so, but that's a gift. They know I wouldn't tip them over even if they didn't give me the hundred. I'm not going to have some one call up my wife and tell her they found me in the dump yard with a hole in my head—not for $7.50 a day. Let the Federals worry about the speaks. That's what the Federals are paid for.

I used to be pretty hard on speeders, and the fellows who break the traffic rules. I would give as many as fifteen or twenty tickets out in a day. I soon learned that it was all right to give a ticket to some fellow or woman in a cheap car, but as soon as I tagged some one in a big, expensive automobile I was due for lots of trouble. My political cousin, Jackson, would phone me and tell me he had received word from one of the boys in charge of the political club that I'd better tear up the ticket; the fellow I had pinched had given a big contribution toward the last election and expected a favor in turn. Or I would find out I had tagged some friend of the judge, and if a judge gets down on a policeman he is sure of a tough time. And judges have more friends than even a commissioner of streets. I guess the judges have to have lots of friends to stay elected. Or it would be some friend of some other policeman, and then I would have to tear up my tag or the boys wouldn't tear up their tags when they got a friend of mine.

I found out it was the easier way just to take the five dollars and tear up the tag at once. I don't feel wrong about taking a few dollars. In a way, it's like a fine. All the wealthy men in their big cars know some one with pull and get out of being fined by the judge anyway, so why shouldn't I make them pay on the spot? The wealthy women are even worse than their husbands. They argue and threaten me, and then complain to the judge that I was rude and used strong language. I've never sworn at any woman yet. I believe in giving them good, strong lectures when they break the traffic laws, but I don't believe in swearing at women.

My son wanted to know if I took graft. I suppose you could say that I was taking graft when I let some rich man pass me five dollars for not tagging him. I don't call that graft. The man in the automobile is doing the grafting. If I didn't take his money he would give it to some one else for helping him get out of a twenty or fifty dollar fine. If you want to know the truth, I don't see how you can blame a policeman for picking up a little easy money now and then. A policeman isn't any better than any one else—nor worse.

The whole trouble is that the policeman is ordered by law to stop too many things. We have to watch people's morals. We have to protect them like babies instead of like grown-ups. Last year they stuck me in a theatre as a representative of the police force to arrest any of the actors who made indecent speeches. Can you imagine how foolish I felt sitting just at the edge of the stage ready to jump on any of the actors who said something bad? The first night one of them had a speech where he swore. When the act was over I told him I would have to arrest him if he repeated the speech. I wanted to be a good fellow and not pinch him that night, so I gave him another chance. All the actors said I was dumb. The manager started swearing at me and said he would have me thrown out. This made me sore, so I arrested them, and the judge gave me a lecture. The judge said the swearing was all right. The first act was all right! It was the third act where the girl and the man said a lot of things to each other—which sounded all right to me—that was all wrong, or at least some minister's welfare association said it was all wrong.

Then the opposition newspaper heard the story and they got very sarcastic about my mistake. I didn't know what it was all about. I think it was all a political trick. It shows what a policeman has to look out for. I am put up there to stop the show if it's indecent.

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

Part III—Carol is Lured to Renunciation

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

When Carol deserted his first wife, Zizi Lambrino, married Princess Helen, and subsequently became enmeshed in an affair with Magda Lupescu, he was not guided altogether by his own impulses. This installment tells of the forces which were partially responsible for his desertion of two women, his elopement with a third, and his renunciation of the throne. Next week's installment tells the true story of Queen Marie's visit to the United States.

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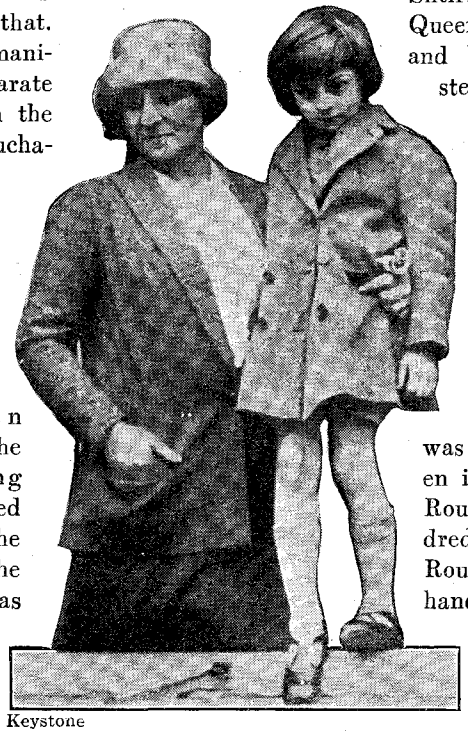
IT CAN hardly be imagined that the anarchy which reigned in Moldavia while the Roumanian royal court was at Jassy could have caused in Carol that hopelessness which made him abandon the heirship to the throne and desert to the enemy to marry Zizi Lambrino. Many of his friends had deserted before him. General Soccec, Colonels Sturza, Jurescu and Crainiceanu had passed to the Germans with their entire regiments before that.

When the Roumanians signed a separate peace treaty with the Germans in Bucharest, Roumania had been beaten, disrupted ruined. Its internal affairs were in a panic. Its treasury was empty, the Germans had taken away most of the railroads' rolling stock, had shipped out of the country the grain, the horses, the cows. Roumania was a barren land where everything had to be done anew.



Keystone

Zizi—Carol's morganatic first wife and their child, Mircea

Did Queen Marie worry about that? She who later pranced on a white charger, when the armistice was signed between the French and the Germans, was not down-hearted by what had happened to Roumania. She believed in the ultimate triumph of the Allies. She had not given up any of her activities or any of her pleasures during the war. She had beautified herself. She had invented a costume that fitted her well, that brought out the charm of her profile and hid her aging throat. Carol's desertion to the enemy, his morganatic marriage, were merely flies in the ointment, for she was actually in the throes of a new enthusiasm—for a Canadian colonel who had become her slave. It is difficult to tell the exact date and the conditions under which Queen Marie met the mysterious colonel. It is only known that he came from Canada, though some people still maintain that his real home was Alaska, and still others affirm that he was no colonel at all. At any rate, the colonel superseded Shtirbey in the Queen's favor and became her steady attendant and emissary. Since the war was still on, the colonel began to be credited with all kinds of heroic adventures. A stranger who did not know a word of the Roumanian language, he was supposed to have fallen in love with all things Roumanian. He saved hundreds, nay thousands, of Roumanians from the hands of the Bolsheviki. A Desperate Desmond come to life, he snatched women and children out of the claws of death and prisoners out of the encampments of the enemy. When he was not with Marie he was supposed to be on dangerous missions that required tact, discretion, energy and resourcefulness. No one knew exactly what these missions were, but Queen Marie assured everybody that her country could not exist without him. He was a godsend. She even sent him to Russia to speak to Carol when he had run away with Zizi Lambrino That mission failed, but he assured everybody that not only would the future heir to the throne return to Roumania, but he would even give a plausible reason for having run away.

Underwood

CAROL—ROYAL PHILANDERER

Six months after the separate peace had been signed by the Roumanians with the Germans, Germany was defeated by the allied armies. The Marghiloman cabinet, which had signed that separate peace, was ignominiously dismissed and the Bratianus, the pro-Ally war cabinet, came back in great state. Following on the heels of the retreating German armies, the Roumanians occupied part of Hungary and crossed into Bulgaria, where they appropriated more and more territory despite the denunciations of their former allies. Possession is ten-tenths of the law in Roumania.

Carol was still in love with Zizi and refused to listen to Marie. Instead of agreeing to an annulment or to a divorce from Zizi, he sent her letter after letter

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assuring her that he considered himself her husband and would for the rest of his life.

"My love," he wrote to her. "I have had a violent discussion with my mother. I have violently defended our cause, but you also, my darling, must help me and must obey me. First as proof of your love for me and also because you must obey your husband."

Underwood

HELEN—CAROL'S ROYAL SECOND WIFE

Even after the annulment was pronounced by the Roumanian court, in the absence of both the prince and his wife, Carol wrote on the first of August, 1919:

My dear Zizi. Obliged to leave at the head of my regiment, I am thinking that one never knows what is going to happen. I want this letter to serve you as recognition from me that I am the father of the child you will give birth to and that I have never ceased, despite the annulment proceedings, to consider myself your husband.

Carol continued his protestations to Zizi Lambrino and assured her that he would never, never give her up despite the insistence of the politicians and his mother's pressure. He had been almost forcibly separated from her, but he was permitted to conduct an active correspondence with his wife. When Roumania had emerged from the war with twice as much territory and a population almost three times as great as it had had before it had entered the struggle, the royal lover underwent a change of heart. It was one thing to be the heir to the throne of a kingdom of six to seven million inhabitants, and quite another to be the heir to the throne of a kingdom of eighteen million inhabitants.

King Ferdinand's illness was becoming daily more severe. His life was in continual danger. The mother of the heir to the throne understood her son well. She, and Shtirbey and Bratianu, put fair women in his way, hoping that he would discover a new passion. His fidelity to his morganatic wife, however, was not impaired by these passing amours. Carol has a tremendous capacity for love and he seldom forgot Zizi Lambrino, even in the midst of the most prolonged revels. He was faithful to her in his own fashion—he loved her. But to give up the throne of a country of eighteen million inhabitants and such lovely women subjects was infinitely more difficult than it had been.

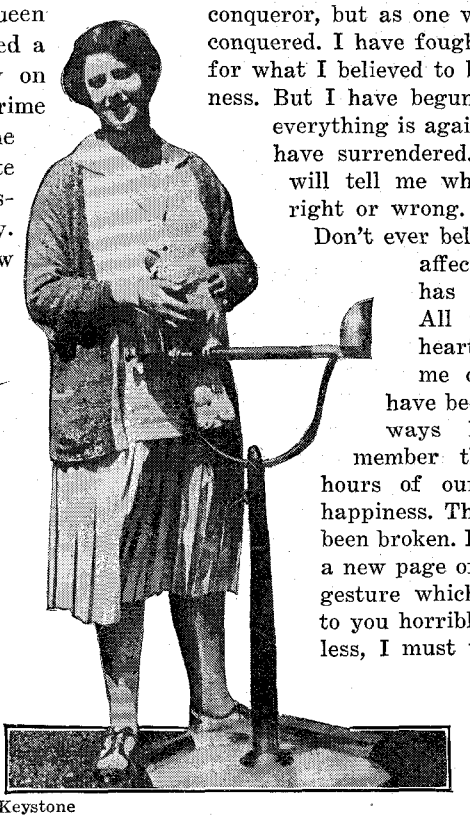
Meanwhile Queen Marie had stepped a little too heavily on the toes of her prime minister and the rift grew despite the adroit intercession of Shtirbey. Bratianu now ruled the country as an autocrat, resented the interference of the Queen in his affairs, and wanted to censor her publicity, her speeches and her activities.

"Madame, my father has brought the Hohenzollerns to the throne of Roumania. I am afraid his son will have to sweep them out."

In despair and fear of losing her power and her cash Queen Marie turned to her oldest son. She explained that unless the family presented a solid front to Bratianu's growing enmity to the Hohenzollern dynasty, they would be lost. There were rumors that Bratianu wanted to make himself president of the Roumanian republic. Carol listened to reason and for a time there reigned almost complete harmony between mother and son. Common interests welded them closely. The Queen took advantage of this period of quiet to convince Carol that it was to his disadvantage and to the disadvantage of the whole royal household to continue his association with Zizi Lambrino. The annulment of their marriage had long since been pronounced by the Roumanian courts and was effective if Carol wished to take advantage of the letter of the law.

Carol had grown a little tired of Zizi's nagging letters. She wanted to know when he would come back to her. Carol agreed with his mother. In due time, the great matchmaker introduced to her son Princess Helen, daughter of King Constantine of Greece, and Carol assented that she was the right person to wear the crown of the Roumanian kingdom. Whispers of the royal engagement became louder and louder. In November, 1920, Carol wrote to Zizi Lambrino:

"I have been told that you don't ever want to see me again if I leave you now. I don't want to insist too much on that point. You will take such action as you think best. I had believed that it would be more agreeable to you that we should meet and talk the matter over, no matter how painful such a meeting might be. And then I have wanted to see our child. You see, I am writing to you not as a conqueror, but as one who has been conquered. I have fought to the end for what I believed to be my happiness. But I have begun to see that everything is against me and I have surrendered. The future will tell me whether I was right or wrong.



Keystone

Magda Lupescu, Carol's paramour, who, Mr. Bercovici says, aided in luring him to renunciation

Don't ever believe that my affection for you has diminished. All my life, my heart will remind me of what you have been to me. Always I shall remember the luminous hours of our evanescent happiness. The charm has been broken. I have turned a new page of life. In this gesture which must seem to you horrible and heartless, I must tell you that love for my country and the desire to do something have forced my hand. You must not have any fear. You must think of the future of the child. Who knows? Perhaps you will find in him the joy which will attenuate the sufferings caused by our separation. Think of the child. He should become the aim of your life. Don't believe that I am playing the moralist here.

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I write this as one who wants to continue to be your friend and who will take care of both of you. The past which has been so beautiful and so painful will help us go through the trials that will beset our lives.

The answer to this letter must have touched the heir to the throne, for he wrote another letter to her dated from Switzerland which read:

My poor baby: Your note in which you recall to me the verses which we so frequently read together has reached me. I am not so sure that this note will reach you, but I must tell you certain things. Don't believe that I have disarmed without fighting. I have resisted to the last extreme and have declared myself beaten only when I realized I was alone—that everyone was against me. Yes, my poor little one, it is true that I have become engaged, and to a princess! It is so much against my principles that I am myself stupefied by my action. Don't believe that I have been forced to do so by my parents. I have found some one who can understand me and who has the same ideas and theories of life as I have. She has agreed to console a profoundly lacerated heart. I should have wanted to wait a little longer and let time blot things out. But circumstances independent of our will have compelled us to act quickly. Remember, however, that I shall never abandon the two of you.

Why did Carol write Zizi Lambrino that it was so horrible to have engaged himself to marry a princess? It is evident from this one line in his letter that he had not only given up the throne but was strongly inclined to the republican form of government, that he had criticized the existence of all princes and princesses. Yet even while writing this letter to his morganatic wife, Carol, who seemed so remorseful, was enjoying himself so thoroughly that when it was decided that he should go on a world tour before marrying Helen of Greece, he simulated first an accident, saying that he had fallen from his horse, and when that did not work, he fired a bullet through his leg, inflicting upon himself an injury that would detain him where he was.

But Marie had the last word in this affair also. Carol ultimately let himself be persuaded and traveled extensively in India, Japan and the United States. Queen Marie referred to this trip of the heir to the throne as a voyage that would supplement his studies; to which a facetious newspaper man replied that indeed the heir to the throne was study bent; that the prince loved women so much that he had gone out into the world to investigate the charms of every single nationality before returning.

On the tenth of May, 1921, Carol of Hohenzollern married the Princess Helen of Greece at Athens, and returned to Roumania amidst the acclamations of the people. It must be said here again that Carol had won considerable affection in the hearts of the people because of his escapades. The Roumanians were flattered to have such a virile man as their future King. There were people who believed that Carol had settled down; that the heir to the throne had sown his wild oats and would now concentrate on the work before him. There was a lot of work to do. The country was on the verge of a revolution and on the brink of bankruptcy. Since it was known how actively Carol opposed

This Week's Contributors

Konrad Bercovici has been elected a member of the Academie Francaise de Science Internationale. This, we are told, is the highest honor that the French Academy can bestow upon a foreigner.

Charles Morrow Wilson is a native Arkansan who has become an authoritative writer on "Backwoods America." His book with that title appears next fall. A novel, *Acres of Sky*, was published recently. He is a frequent contributor to magazines.

Darwin Teilhet, who collaborated with a police sergeant on "All Cops Are Grafters," is an advertising man in San Francisco who has written for both magazines and newspapers.

Bratianu, it was hoped that his advent to the throne would see the end of the rule of that insufferable autocrat, that robber baron. In reality, however, Carol renewed his relations with Zizi immediately after his marriage and let things go as usual. Jeanne Lambrino was a frequent guest at the palace of the princely pair, and Helen of Greece apparently made no objection to Carol's friendship with his former morganatic wife.

And then suddenly, from a clear sky, the Prince heir and Zizi Lambrino parted company. Marie's hand showed itself again. Zizi was told that, unless she left Roumania, her child would disappear, but if she left instantly the royal family agreed to give her a monthly allowance. The daughter of General Lambrino knew with whom she was dealing and obeyed. The manner in which his mother handled this last phase of the Lambrino affair made Carol come to the conclusion that any peace between him and her was impossible. She had made up with Bratianu and Shtirbey was again her favorite. To establish himself even more firmly in the hearts of the people and to win the army to his side, to prepare himself well for the eventual struggle, Carol began to devote himself to the affairs of the army and to the establishing of public schools and public libraries in the urban and rural communities of the country. He even founded an institution to publish books to be distributed free or at small cost to the peasants of the country. Through Professor Jorga he ranged himself on the side of the Peasant Party, the only opposition of the Bratianu government.

The Queen was determined to acquire as much sympathy as she could. Carol and his mother fought for the favor of the people. The condition of the King was not improving. His days were numbered. The Bratianus saw themselves in danger. They knew what Carol's ascension to the throne would mean. In the measure that he felt himself secure, the Prince asserted himself more and and more. The Peasant Party became more and more audacious. And when the Prime Minister once came to inform the Prince that His Majesty's condition was dangerous, Carol told him that his information was gratuitous—that he was kept informed by the doctors attending his father and ordered Bratianu out of the room. This incident did not tend to bring the two closer together. When the King survived that crisis, Bratianu began to work assiduously to rid himself of his future master. Queen Marie was in absolute agreement with Bratianu, Shtirbey and all of Carol's enemies. "We must get him out of the country."

Suddenly Carol's sober political and cultural activities were interrupted. He lost interest in the peasants and citizens of Roumania. He lost interest in the Peasant Party. He had met a Madame Tampeano, the divorced wife of an officer in the Roumanian army. She had taken back her maiden name of Lupescu. Fascinated by the sensual charms of this red-haired woman, Carol neglected his affairs and devoted himself exclusively to her. It did not take long before the young lady's apartment became his real home, while the palace in which his wife lived was only of secondary importance. Throwing discretion to the winds, Carol let himself be seen with the red-headed lady everywhere, regardless of the humiliation such an association inflicted upon his wife. To the entreaties of his friends the heir to the throne answered:

"I have only one life to live. I have never loved Helen and never will."

Princess Helen thought it convenient

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▶▶ Famine in Arkansas ◀◀

By
CHARLES MORROW WILSON

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During the winter countless stories of hunger and distress came out of Arkansas. Here a mob raided food stores; there others hungered in silence. Suffering was real and widespread. Now, with the help of the Red Cross and neighboring states, Arkansas has conquered famine. With banks reopening and money pouring in, rural Arkansas has risen again, better and stronger than ever—as told here by a native Arkansan.

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DURING the last four months the shadow of famine and starvation has played over a vast area of backwoods America. As a volunteer relief worker I have spent heart-rending weeks in the timbered hills of northern Arkansas. I encountered hill men, normally of easy circumstances, struggling through the winter barefooted and without coats, but I saw no women who were coatless or unshod. I visited a mountain family who had lived for six weeks on a sole ration of boiled corn rather than beg or accept charity.

Dispossessed country merchants and fine old hill men who have spent half a century in the acquisition of land turned woodcutters or rail-splitters in their efforts to fight off the grim actuality of hunger. Markets failed. The price of oak railroad ties, for example, dropped from a dollar each to eighteen cents, then to ten cents. A good axman can chop out three ties in two hard days. Hundreds of hill men are still laboring at twenty-five cents for a ten-hour day. Waggoners sell their time and the services of their teams at forty cents a working day.

In tracing down a particularly distressing case, I questioned the mayor of a far-back village, and he said:

"Yes, they's some purty hard cases about. They's Jim Drybread up the crick holler—livin' in a old leaky smoke-house. Jim's got six young 'uns rangin' from three to fourteen year old. Ain't nary a bite to eat in the whole place now. Been livin' for a month out'n a mound of holed-up turnips and a couple or three slabs of salt pork. Can't get no work to do nowhere. But Mister, if you was askin' me does Jim Drybread need charity, I'd say 'No, he shore don't.' And that's jest the half of it. He wouldn't take none if hit was offered."

THE past winter has proved beyond doubt that our contemporary frontiersman can endure as bitter hardships and privations as did his pioneering forefathers. One famine followed another. As a result of the disastrous drouth of 1930, hundreds of village banks tumbled into oblivion. Country people faced the winter moneyless and with lean larders and scant credit. Markets for timber and farm products failed miserably. Pasturage held through the long autumn, but with the coming of winter live stock began to want. Cows went dry. Mules and horses waned to a pitiable leanness. Hard times turned bitter hard. In some instances hickory ashes served for baking soda, parched wheat for coffee. Potatoes, Johnnycake and salt pork warded off the grim reality of starvation. But in one way or another our frontiersmen fought through.

While Congressmen bellowed about the condition of their constituencies, about which most of them apparently knew as much as a skewbald mule knows about the future of aviation, the backwoodsmen buckled to their rustic defenses and in some manner or other survived their calamities. Neighborliness lived on. The landed fed the landless and the landless fed the landed. Schools and churches remained open and active, albeit thousands of country school teachers and preachers skimped through the winter without a penny of cash. Charity and high-heartedness were everywhere.

I saw a lame woodcutter contribute his last half-dollar towards buying toxin for a mountain child who was choking with diphtheria. I saw an old dwarf, who makes a living by picking out nut kernels, contribute three dimes to a homeless ragamuffin who waxed dubious about the reality of Santa Claus. I encountered first families who had pulled through the winter with a lending of pork meat and meal corn advanced by a passel of poor rent farmers who, speaking economically, had not had their heads above water in twenty-five years. The evidence stands that at least a third of the entire population of Arkansas was brought face-to-face with starvation, and through all the tragic era the charity and spontaneous brotherhood of the country people was very noticeably offset by the parsimony and "modern business" attitude of adjacent townspeople. Here is an instance:

An aged spinster down on Hazel Creek had bought a milk cow on credit from a townsman, the terms stipulating that she was to pay three dollars a month for fifteen months and acquire ownership of the cow upon completing the payments. But hard times came. The buyer paid until the last month and then she could pay no more, for she was penniless and with scant provisions, save for the cow upon which she depended for milk, and half-a-dozen hens which supplied eggs for her scant table. The townsman demanded immediate settlement or forfeiture of the cow. In desperation the poor woman appealed to the countryside merchant, who intervened and offered to advance the three dollars. But the creditor refused to allow the intervention, and the old hill woman played her last card. She tramped eight miles back to her home, caught up all her hens, tied their feet with benevolent flannel strings, toted them into town and sold them to the storekeeper. At the current range of

Wide World

An Arkansas Red Cross Station

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starvation prices, the six fat hens brought but $2.88. The storekeeper contributed the missing twelve cents, and the debtor saved her cow.

The Red Cross provided ration issues for a vast number of the more desperately stricken farm families, a giving which at its high peak reached approximately 600,000 farm people in the state. Administration of this relief was in a vast number of instances made doubly difficult through the pride of its subjects, for the temporarily destitute frontiersmen were loath to accept even so much as an outside loan until they had sold off their live stock, poultry and milk cows—to the inevitable end that they would retain absolutely nothing with which to make a new start.

Here is a typical Red Cross ration dole, which reckoned to keep alive the hungering at $1.20 per capita per month:

25 pounds of meal	$ .75
48 pounds of flour	1.25
25 pounds of pinto beans	1.00
2 gallons of molasses	1.00
10 pounds of lard compounds	1.00
1½ bushels potatoes	1.50
10 pounds of salt	.10
1 package of soda	.05
1 can of baking powder	.25
Total ration for family of five for one month	$6.90

Speaking comparatively, this was a princely fare. Tens of thousands Arkansans skimped through the winter on materially less.

WITH a farming population of almost 1,600,000 out of her total population of about 2,000,000, Arkansas early realized that her future prosperity depended primarily upon the welfare of her rural families. Weather has been dramatically unkind to Arkansas. In 1927 a sequence of disastrous floods wrought damages estimated at $200,000,000. The two succeeding years brought partial and damaging drouth to various regions of the state. Then, with the coming of the unprecedented drouth of 1930, Arkansas became the geographic center of twenty-one seriously stricken states.

Last autumn was the era of lowest hope in the state's history. The value of Arkansas' great economic standby, the cotton crop, was less than one-third its 1929 value, and King Cotton was in sorry health, even in 1929. The secondary resource of timber went wanting a market. Then came a gloomy Monday, November 17, when sixty-six banks of the state, at a common accord, tumbled temporarily into oblivion. Forty more were caught in the undertow. Their loans were concentrated upon cotton, and the crop had failed. Then the Red Cross came into action, and within a month its activities had spread to every one of Arkansas' seventy-five counties.

Arkansas went down fighting, and with clear-cut notions on recovery. The drive for normalcy is threefold: it embodies skilled supervision of farming, rehabilitation of banks and farm credit, and emergency extension of public building. Beginning in early January a "self-sufficiency" farm campaign was launched in every county of the state by the agricultural extension service of the University of Arkansas with the energetic coöperation of all Federal, county and district farm agents of the state, with the hope that having been tried as an emergency measure, diversified farming might become permanent. Farm outlook meetings were held in seventy counties, and farmers received the gist of the marketing information compiled at the international farm outlook conference held in Washington last December.

Then was launched a state-wide "live-at-home" program, which includes these farm commandments:

1. To raise grain and hay sufficient to feed all live stock during the coming year.
2. To produce enough meat to supply the family's need.
3. Let every farm have at least one milk cow.
4. To keep at least thirty laying hens on every farm.
5. To provide health insurance in the form of a farm garden, and to preserve by canning any surplus of home-raised vegetables.
6. To give increased care to home orchards, and in areas where no fruit is now grown to plant fruit trees sufficient to supply the family's need.
7. To rebuild soil fertility by planting a good part of the corn and cotton acreage to legumes and pasture crops.
8. To reduce tilled acreage and to apply the surplus of labor to terracing and drainage.
9. To inaugurate at least one home convenience and to beautify each farm homestead by painting buildings, improving farm lawns, and planting flowering shrubs and trees.
10. To keep a budget of clothing and to buy within the family's income limit.

Now Arkansas is come upon with a new spring and a new dawn for agriculture. The idea of self-sufficing, diversified farming, in place of the importunate one-crop system, is fast becoming a reality. The great drouth, which lasted even through the winter, is at last broken with normal rainfall. So far as Arkansas is concerned, farm prospects were never better. Farm gardens, newly started in most of the state, are already furnishing diet relief to a farm citizenry long afflicted with malnutrition. Sixty-six counties of Arkansas are being aided by well-qualified agricultural and home demonstration agents. In a rural beautification project, newly inaugurated by Department of Agriculture, Arkansas is rated first among all states in rapidity of farm home beautification. In furtherance of this latter project, the University of Arkansas has launched a five-year rural home betterment campaign which is already active in several counties.

FARM credit is rapidly building up. Sixty per cent of the fallen banks of Arkansas have been reorganized and are now open for business. In March the Arkansas legislature appropriated $1,500,000 toward the founding of county agriculture credit corporations which have now brought into play a borrowing capacity of about $15,000,000. Forty-three per cent of the Federal Seed Loan, or about $5,000,000, has been received by Arkansas farmers. Thirteen thousand war veterans of the state have received a like amount through the Veterans' Loan. Increased taxes on cigarettes and gasoline have provided $2,000,000 for new buildings for state-supported colleges and a like amount for betterment of county roads. A project of state highway construction involving a total expenditure of about $32,000,000 is under active headway. Appropriations for levee building and flood control are providing another $3,000,000 of active

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in The Outlook of April 25, 1951

A round-the-world aerial television hook-up covered the Bolitho international airplane polo cup tournament last week over the Fort Sill Aviation Area.

"It is generally agreed by military historians," said Capt. Jones, Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, "that the experience of the Slogaria-Jugavia War of June 11-13, 1942, marked the end of warfare as typified by the Great War. With every human being in the operations area asphyxiated at the end of a 15-hour, necro-gas engagement, the rules of war were bound to be radically modified."

The annual report of the Universal Aircraft Muffler Corporation, made public this week, showed that annual royalties averaging $4,800,000 have been paid in the past fourteen years to owners of basic patents on mufflers.

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capital. A power extension and development project inaugurated by the Arkansas Power and Light Company proposes the expenditure of approximately $50,000,000 during the coming five years.

With the coming of a new crop season and the launching of new public works the number of unemployed has already fallen from 230,000 to 120,000 and while the wage scale stays low, it shows a tendency toward increasing.

The famine came upon Arkansas, not as a sudden and spectacular catastrophe, but rather as a slow, blighting plague, which settled without adequate warning. Until the winter was well under way, even the best informed of state leaders were wanting in a real estimate of the approaching tragedy, and none was more profoundly surprised at the extent and intensity of the destitution than were the Arkansans themselves. During the still months of wide-scattered suffering Arkansas welcomed the assistance of her sister states. In addition to the help of the Red Cross, Arkansas received 530 carloads of foodstuffs which were contributed from thirty-two states. Drug companies gave free medicines, railroads gave free transportation of supplies. Boundaries and prejudices were splendidly forgotten.

Now Arkansas emerges generally intact, and with promise of increased stability. The Red Cross has withdrawn. Further donations are being discouraged. Spring has brought new life and new energy to the vast commonwealth of farms, and it has brought new hope to an adversity-ridden people. Backwoods Arkansas has met the famine—and conquered it.

All Cops Are Grafters

(Continued from Page 591)

They start swearing. If my son swore like that I would have stopped him in a second. Yet the judge tells me the swearing is all right. I told Kelsy he would have to put some one else on the theatre and stick me back in my district. Fortunately, the show broke a week or so later.

We fixed the newspaper which gave us the razz, though. Its reporters found out that we were beating up some of the prisoners. One bright reporter ran a series of articles telling how we hurt and abused the poor prisoners. Now any one knows that the only way to make the average tough dope or wop come clean is to scare him a little. Every big shot we brought in had a lawyer waiting to spring him. We didn't have a chance. If you can get a man scared you can learn something from him. You can save time, and time is important. My city needs at least three times as many police as it has now. That means we have to hop constantly from one robbery to another murder or some gang killing. It is like two or three men trying to put out a forest fire which is starting in about a dozen places.

THE law is so tangled up with red tape it would take a month to a year to even get in a position so you could question a prisoner. I'm not exaggerating. We have one case now that has been waiting two years just because the gang we caught has clever enough lawyers to postpone their trials until the witnesses disappear and the public forgets about it. If we dust some of these gangsters' heels we can get what we want in about two hours instead of two months, or if you let them go without eating for a couple of days and stop them from sleeping they will come through. I have read how the New York police mistreat their prisoners. I don't believe in being brutal to any one. They are human just like we are. I will admit, though, that when we get an assault case and know that the fellow will be released because he pleads insanity, sometimes the younger fellows on the force like to take him into the little white room for about half an hour.

We call it the white room because Danny whitewashes the room every morning. Sometimes the younger fellows get excited and then Danny has to whitewash the walls twice to prevent some of the red showing through. I haven't any sympathy with the assault cases. I think they deserve the little white room. That is about all the real punishment they get. In our state the insane laws are fixed so that a man gets off free if he is acquitted because of insanity. But this bright reporter found out about the white room and wrote up a series of sob stories on how we were mishandling the poor prisoners. It was the same reporter who had written the so-called funny story on me when I tried to stop the show at the theatre. The paper was out to defeat the election of the police commissioner and tried to hurt him by hurting the police force.

Two nights after the series of stories on the police force had ended this reporter heard there was a big gang stick-up in one of the roadhouses. He went out there in his car. I wasn't there, so I don't know what happened. Somehow the automobile ran off the pavement near the roadhouse. Fortunately, some of the police were there to pick up the reporter and call the ambulance. He wasn't hurt very badly, just scratched up. I think he broke a couple of ribs. The two policemen who picked him up sent him flowers to the hospital. They visited him two or three times. As soon as the reporter got up he wrote one nice article about the police and said that he was entirely mistaken about them. He didn't stay in the city very long, though. He left for New York about a week or so later.

Since then the opposition paper has changed its tactics. They are still trying to defeat the commissioner, but they aren't trying to defeat him by running down the police force. They seemed to realize that a city should be proud of its police. Police are human. If you praise them and give them a chance, they are going to do all they can to protect their city. Naturally, if you start running down the police and call them a bunch of grafters, you'll find out that they become grafters. You can't blame the policeman for all the crime and grafting in the cities. If he tried to stop half of it he would lose his job.

IT IS the politicians and the business men who are responsible for the really big rackets. The business men want to break the law; they want to get plenty of stuff to drink; they like their little games of chance; they want their cute little entertainers. The business man has the money to pay for this. The politicians control the police force in every major city that I know of. They may not be able actually to throw us out of our jobs, but they can make it so unpleasant for us that we would be glad to quit.

The racketeer knows that he can go over the heads of the police to the politician, and he does. The racketeer makes a tremendous profit in supplying the business man. Don't make a mistake; it is the business man who is doing the heavy drinking right now, as well as some of the other less pleasant things. I've arrested a few love nests myself. The business man has the money. If he hasn't, he puts it on his expense account as "entertainment." I know! I've talked with enough racketeers. The racketeer gets his profit. He greases the politician, and the policeman—well, the policeman gets blamed for the increase in crime and the policeman's son takes it for granted that his father is a grafter.

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The New Books

More Light on Bolshevism

"PAN-SOVIETISM. What it Means to America and to the World," by Bruce Hopper (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $2.50). Believing that "when we talk about overthrowing the Bolsheviks, we should have a working notion of the difference between what is Bolshevik and what is just Russia," Mr. Hopper has produced something much better than the "just another book about the Soviets" which his title suggests. *Pan-Sovietism* is the best, fairest and most compact statement of the character, methods and objectives of the Bolshevik régime which is available to the American public.

One of the most valuable features of this book is its tracing of the historical and racial backgrounds of many political and economic features of Bolshevism. Forced collectivism? How about Ivan the Terrible? Forced modernization? How about Peter the Great? Forced industrialization? How about Witte and his experiment by which Russia was industrialized as early as 1889 at the cost of under-consumption? Dumping? How about Tsarist dumping of wheat, needed at home, to pay for foreign credits? Unequal franchise? How about the electoral law of 1905 which gave one elector to 230 gentry, one for 60,000 peasants, and one for 125,000 workmen? Secret Police and terrorism? Cossacks and Siberia? It's an old Russian custom.

What is new in Russia is the attempt "to replace God by man himself, and the power of man symbolized in the machine;" "a whole people energized and galvanized into action" to create the collective man—"athletic, healthy, energetic, creative but unromantic, moral but utilitarian and godless." "Socialism," declares the author, "has finally entered the realities of big business" and he asks "how is laissez-faire individualism going to retain the world market against the competitive onslaught of planned, disciplined collectivism?" under which "the Soviet state is a controlled machine which can hurl enormous economic power into the conflict with the opposite camp. This state is seeking new markets. With the resources of a continent and the pocket money of 160 million people at its command, it can sell for any price in order to get foreign currency with which to buy more machines."

The city of today

On the one hand, he sees the largest single territory in the world, under a political and economic dictatorship, being transformed at great but not prohibitive human cost from a slow agricultural to a rapid industrial civilization, along collective lines. On the other, he sees the capitalistic states divided among themselves by political quarrels and economic rivalries. The battlefield between the two systems he locates in China and Manchuria, and the prize is a billion consumers.

This has all been said before. What is new is Mr. Hopper's failure to view with alarm. He believes that the United States has it in its power to "work out the compromise between individualism and collectivism," and suggests that "the real danger to Soviet plans will probably be prosperity." In the meantime, we are indebted to the Soviets, because "without the Bolsheviks, the capitalist states would not recognize the social dangers inherent in machine civilization." A shrewd, well-balanced and informative book, free from bias and based not only on historical studies but on solid first-hand knowledge of modern Russia.

JOHN CARTER.

Living for the Beautiful

"MODERN ARCHITECTURE," by Frank Lloyd Wright (Princeton University Press, 1931, $4). This publication of the Kahn lectures of 1930 is ex-

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed March 25.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and blood-curdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

The White Fawn, by Olive Higgins Prouty: Houghton, Mifflin. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven: Simon & Schuster. The author's aim is to help the ordinary picture-lover. Reviewed April 15.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Flame of Islam, by Harold Lamb: Doubleday, Doran. Mr. Lamb continues his story of the Crusades begun in **Iron Men and Saints.**

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tremely welcome, for a book on modern architecture by Frank Lloyd Wright is an event of major importance in the history of American art. In the first two lectures he considers the effect of the machine on the artist and on style, emphasizing the fact that machines are merely tools of an unprecedented efficiency—never masters, if art is to live. Beauty, he knows, is only to be obtained through the organic, living, or "natural" development of form from the conditions of material, and technic, into that spirit of essential joy which he terms "Romance." The third lecture —"The Passing of the Cornice"—is at once the most controversial and the least convincing part of the book. Here it seems that somehow Mr. Wright's passion for valid beauty—the secret of his greatness—has failed him, for, classic as he himself is in his essential feeling for proportion and repose, he nevertheless reveals himself as blind to all the "classic" architecture of the past. One resents his gratuitous disparagement of the American Institute of Architects, which is in no sense the "Arbitrary Institute of Appearances" that he calls it; he should know that it has no creed of taste. To all the classic architectures of the past, and especially to the ideas of the Renaissance, he opposes the passion of the mid-nineteenth century Romanticist, almost in the very spirit of Ruskin, and his words are, one feels, all too often barbed by an understandable, but quite irrelevant, pain.

But the last three lectures are on a different and higher plane, far above any little personal pains or blindnesses; they are the words of the keen-eyed creator, of the worshipper of a free beauty, of one who would shatter the artist's chains rather than forge new ones. Nowhere in the criticism of modern architecture has there been such delving, deep down into the bed rock of building, into the sources of form in human life and dreams. Thus Mr. Wright sees there is no salvation for modern architecture in any stylism, however "modern," no future in that simplicity that is itself a mere pose, and so mere pictorial decoration. The only future for a living American architecture he can see is in the vital and independent organization of form, an organization that has a heart, that makes lovable things, and that uses the machine only as a tool for a richer and freer life. So, strangely enough, in the last two chapters Mr. Wright is forced behind architecture to the relation of man and the machine. Are we to have a machine-directed life, to be slaves, or mere cogs, housed in sterile and sanitary cubbyholes? Or can American democracy preserve its rich individualism by mastering the machine, making it the tool to obtain liberation and leisure? The city of today, he points out, with its "space manufacturing for profit" leads only to slavery and sterility. This ideal must be broken if our civilization is to grow. "Eventually," he says, "we must live for the Beautiful whether we want to or not"—a realization of that is the only basis for a great architecture in the future. Altogether this book is disturbing, stimulating, sometimes over-rhetorical, yet somehow magnificent, the voice of one of America's greatest creators, who knows all too well the littlenesses of fashion, the fickleness of taste.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN.

The Week's Reading

"FATAL INTERVIEW," by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper & Brothers, $2). In fifty-two precise and exquisite Shakespearean sonnets, a loose sequence describing the experience from first discovery to final dissolving, the foremost woman poet of our time has here set down the truth about a woman in love. Many men and a few women have tried to do something of the sort before, and perhaps in classic times some one may have done it; but nobody today has come anywhere near to Miss Millay's achievement. About the only poetry of recent date that can be compared to it is George Meredith's sequence called *Modern Love;* but love was thought to be different in those days, and that bitter and sardonic piece of work, for all its beauty and its fame, is too full of mannerism, oratory and falseness of emotion to hold a very firm place today beside this new clear and equally beautiful document, with its portrayal of real emotion. Meredith himself would probably be the first to shrink with horror were he to discover women as Edna Millay knows them to be; he would be shocked at so candid a revealing of the flesh and blood under his tiresome idol's plaster surface. Indeed *Fatal Interview* and the modern woman it reveals are not to be recommended to romanticists of any time or place. The author has no patience with romanticists and what they believe, and no willingness to record the pretenses they decree.

Fortunately for people like Miss Millay, this is a day of realities. If any reader still believes that love made plain is love with the glamour gone, this book will disprove him. It will show him that with reality the glamour of that emotion is not tarnished but heightened, the intensity not slackened but increased by being allowed to go free of pretenses. Miss Millay abandons all the conven-

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tions, the set phrases used so long to describe a woman in love, and instead of them she makes plain the whole variety of a woman's moods, the range of her feeling, where a whole universe with its own special space and time is created out of the small range and the sadly short moments of her individual experience of loving. The tears and sighs and moonlight are gone; instead she swears:

Now by this moon, before this moon shall wane
I shall be dead or I shall be with you!

She hates the dishonesty of loving women of the past, hiding their real intention behind tricks and wanton manners and lovers'-knots, and all the ways devised to attract and hold a man's love. She says:

But being like my mother the brown earth
Fervent and full of gifts and free from guile,
Liefer would I you loved me for my worth,
Though you should love me but a little while.

She traces all the varied feelings, the sense of imprisonment, the strong wish never to be free again, the exaltation, the pride, the fear of love's passing, and the curious seasonal sense which makes each woman believe, at least for a time, that nothing ever can last. All these things are so directly and beautifully told that you almost forget to notice the words at all. The rare vitality of the work brings it into your mind with a living sharpness. It seems not to have been written according to any Wordsworthian formula of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," but rather by "emotion rehearsed," not in tranquillity at all. The whole book is too immediate, too warm, to partake of any of the qualities of tranquil recollection.

Miss Millay has made use of archaic phrase and classic allusion throughout her volume, and in doing so has lifted it beyond her own personality, so that it seems not only one woman's experience, but the general experience of all. Since the classic manner is a direct one, it combines well with the modern idiom which at its best is equally direct; and in her blending of the two styles, Miss Millay has saved her work from being individual and narrow in substance, and has made it seem universal and without date.

As a psychologist she deserves great praise. She has been able to analyze and separate the varying shades of her experience, and never once grow confused. As a poet she deserves even greater praise. This new book is by far the best of all her distinguished work, and it is in the great tradition, a part of literature that cannot be lost. B. K.

"New York: An Intimate Guide" by Walter R. Brooks (Knopf, $2). Even if you were born and bred in New York, Mr. Brooks' engagingly written little manual will be able to tell you things about the city which will make you a happier and more contented citizen. Certainly if you have only a few days to spend in New York this guide book is invaluable. Mr. Brooks does not tell you how much the Statue of Liberty weighs or how many square feet of asphalt there are in the city—he tells you, in fact, that the Statue is a bore and not worth a visit. Also he explains why your New York cousins, living in two small rooms, would rather have you stop at a hotel than live with them. He has three excellent chapters on restaurants and a chart with street numbers enabling you to find just how near you are to these restaurants. Other chapters are entitled "If You Must Bring the Children," and "Seeing the Wheels Go Round," which tells you how to get into factories, newspaper plants, phone exchanges, etc. Mr. Brooks tells you everything, in fact, except how to discover your dream girl and how to find a drink. But this last is unimportant; any New York cop will be charmed to direct you to the nearest speakeasy.

C. P.

"Men and Wives," by I. Compton-Burnett (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50). The story of *Men and Wives* is not original. It is a tale of Jane Austenish people in a "Cranford-like" village, told entirely through conversation which might have come from the lips of Rosa Dartle. But this reference to older novelists does not indicate a resemblance. If any one is Miss Compton-Burnett's literary ancestress it is Jane Austen. For characters, the novel has the family of the new baronet and that of the old, the doctor, the rector, the solicitor, the butler, the three elderly sisters, the light lady and her platitudinous mother. For plot it has a cruel story of maternal domination and filial revenge, a melodrama all the more dreadful for being played at a tea table by well-spoken folks who know how to handle their knives and forks. For manner it has something highly original. With scarcely a paragraph of description, all told, the story is set out through the conversation of nineteen different people, who disclose themselves almost shamelessly through their talk, and who are so real that they could be recognized if met. There is something bewildering and a little fatiguing about the intensity with which the book is written; in reading, one longs occasionally for a page in a lower key: but the general effect is

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brilliant. The sharpness of Miss Compton-Burnett's insight, her malice, irony and cold cleverness will limit her audience. Not everybody can stand to be dashed with ice water. Those who can will find the work of this pure novelist unusual and exciting.

"WHITE FAWN" by Olive Higgins Prouty (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). This ingenuous story has to do with the courageous behavior of a Boston debutante, member, we are led to believe, of the group which speaks only to Cabots, Lowells and God, who defies her snobbish family and falls in love with a rising young doctor of obscure origin. The adventures of the young people are gentle and decorous. No hearts will be wrung, no minds fatigued by *White Fawn*. Natural dialogue, pleasant writing and wholesome sentiment make the novel admirably fitted for sweet sixteen if she still exists.

"NOTES of a Vagabond" by Waldemar Bonsels (A. & C. Boni, $3). Translated by J. B. Mussey. These are stories and sketches from a German philosopher-naturist's memories of his wandering years. They have that vaguely mystical, vaguely sentimental charm which one commonly finds in the work of German nature lovers; and are written in a style occasionally over-mellifluous but which gives, on the whole, an impression of firmness as well as grace. The subjects of the sketches are chance encounters with different types of people, each one of which enlarges the philosopher's understanding of humanity and stimulates his spiritual growth. This book, which is very popular in Germany, is offered in an excellent translation.

"THE Web of Youth" by W. E. Süskind, translated by Malcolm Campbell (Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $3). There seems no very good reason why this novel should have been translated. As first novels go, it is not remarkable. Like most of them, it seems to be autobiographical, and more than half of it is a record of adolescence and school life in Germany after the war, with political and literary discussion societies and youth movements, as well as the universal activities of adolescence. The setting, of course, is not familiar, and the novel has the merit of presenting a scene not well known here, the inflation and deflation periods in German post-war business. The book is the work of a born novelist, penetrative and exhaustive in its use of detail. But it is often sluggish in its flow and ponderous; Teutonic introspection seeming to have none of the nervous, staccato quality of American introspection. The translation reads like literal translation, the pages being peppered with *-edly* adverbs in a way which suggests that the translator's literary ear is not good.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

ANOTHER of Dashiell Hammett's grand detective stories is out. In *The Glass Key*[1], Ned Beaumont, gambler and political hanger-on, tries to protect his friend, Madvig, a political boss, from a murder charge that is hanging over him. The suave and deadly opposition boss, Shad O'Rory, Senator Henry and his daughter Janet, Madvig's daughter, Opal, the killer, Jeff, and the various other guerillas, gangsters, politicians and their women, stand out clearly and sharply, softened by no romantic haze. Mr. Hammett does not show you their thoughts, only their actions, and the story is amazingly swift, harsh and thrilling. Be you high-, low- or middle-brow, don't miss this item by a man who has now written the three best detective stories ever published. ♣ ♣ ♣ The tops'ls of that intrepid and handsome swashbuckler and pirate, Captain Peter Blood, appear again above the literary horizon. In *Captain Blood Returns*[2] are related a number of his exploits, and though they are by no means Sabatini at his best, they are good sound adventurous stuff. ♣ ♣ ♣ T. Morris Longstreth, who has written interestingly before of the Northwestern Mounted Police, tells, with Henry Vernon, in *Murder at Belly Butte*[3], fourteen stories of the detective work of this force. Good true detective stories, illustrating the amazing persistence and cleverness which these men devote to the solution of what seem at first to be insoluble mysteries. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sir Richard Francis Burton was something more than the shadowy author of that unexpurgated translation of the *Arabian Nights* which you will find, with a few volumes missing, on the shelves of so many club libraries. His was one of the most remarkable personalities in Victorian England. He was master of many languages. His tremendous energy, courage and curiosity made him one of the greatest of explorers. He seems to have been always at his best when the odds were against him, but that is perhaps because the odds nearly always were against him—on his expeditions, of which the one to Mecca is best known, and when seeking for recognition of his services at home. His career from childhood is marked by dozens of vivid and picturesque incidents which make Fairfax Downey's biography—*Burton, Arabian Nights Adventurer*[4], very interesting reading.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Knopf, $2.00.
2. By Rafael Sabatini: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
3. Century, $3.00.
4. Scribner's, $3.00.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 598 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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YALE

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By Arthur Woods
A startling exposé of the widespread use of narcotics and the fight against the illicit traffic in these dangerous drugs. *Price* $2.00

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By Marian King
An amazing document of a patient's experiences in a hospital "where sick and disordered minds are skillfully restored to health and peace and courage." *Price* $2.00

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

FROM two most unexpected sources came two very interesting theatrical evenings last week. After being moribund or occupied by various "art" groups for too long a time, the Provincetown Theatre is again definitely a place to be visited—that is, as long as *Precedent* is to be seen there. The other pleasant surprise was the performance, for, unfortunately, only two performances had been given, of William Wycherly's *The Country Wife,* by a group calling themselves the Fortune Players at the New School of Social Research.

The Country Wife, according to the records, has never been presented in this country in anything approaching unexpurgated form before, and a great pity that is, too. After the leering obscenity of such things as *Three's a Crowd,* frank bawdiness just for the fun of it comes like the well-known breath of fresh air. Unlike the usual troupes who revive "quaint" Restoration drama, the Fortune Players, under the direction of Olga Katzin, were free from affectation and gave the impression that they were just having a good time—which I am sure is all Mr. Wycherly intended either players or audience to do. I sincerely hope that a way may be found to make the Fortune Players a permanent organization, enabling us to enjoy, because of the gusto of their performance, all those plays which have been spoiled for us by our unctuous college professors or other too earnest students of the "drayma."

Precedent, in sharp contrast, has nothing gay about it, but is none the less worth seeing. It is the work of I. J. Golden, who is obviously writing with the deepest sincerity. Having been for years a lawyer, it was his conviction that nothing could be done about the shocking Mooney-Billings case in California through the ordinary channels of law, so he is trying, by means of a dramatic (but singularly restrained) presentation on the stage of the facts as he sees them to arouse public opinion so that something may yet be done about it. According to the program the only alteration of the truth has been in the changing of names and dates and in the arrangement of the facts for the purposes of the play. If that is true—and Mr. Golden and the Provincetown actors are convincing enough in the seriousness of their purpose—the holding of Tom Mooney in prison is a far greater crime than the bomb-throwing of which he was accused. Bearing no relation to a play in the accepted Broadway sense of the word, *Precedent* is a simple recitation of evidence which, in spite of the lack of physical action, holds one to the end uncomfortably longing that it were not so plausibly possible that such things really have happened in this *soi-disant* land of the free.

They say that Henry Bernstein wrote *Mélo* for two reasons: to show that no theme—not even the eternal triangle—was too stale to be brought to life by penetrating thought and skilful writing, and to give Mlle. Gaby Morlay a part that she would enjoy acting. He succeeded eminently in both designs, as the manuscript of *Mélo* makes absorbing reading and Mlle. Morlay had a job for over a year. The American production will surprise me if it proves to be very long lived—chiefly owing to the Anglo-Saxon stolidity and uncomprehension of the opportunties for volatile variety of Edna Best and Basil Rathbone. Earle Larimore as the husband gave by far the best performance and in the long final scene even succeeded in getting Mr. Rathbone to react as if he really understood what he was doing. I am afraid, however, that by then it was too late. The production is painstaking, the adaptation, by Arthur Pollock, dramatic critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* faithful with excellent, if not quite enough, cutting, but it is only occasionally that *Mélo* really comes to life in New York. Not that it isn't better, even as it is, than the overwhelming majority of the current shows on view.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of life in Paris and Dubuque.
Civic Repertory: Last two weeks of this admirable company before a year's rest.
Fine and Dandy: Final week of the height of nonsense with Joe Cook.
Five Star Final: The season's most intense and exciting American play.
Girl Crazy: Gershwin score with Willie Howard and Ethel Merman.
Grand Hotel: Effective continental melodrama on a revolving stage.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Peter Ibbetson: Dennis King in a good revival of the famous dream play.
Private Lives: This most amusing comedy positively closes May 9, worse luck!
The Barrets of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wiser They Are: Spotty production of a witty comedy.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island.
Worth Seeing

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Secret Six"

GANG pictures come pretty thick in these days of prohibition, but *The Secret Six* is something different. In the wake of this blazing mass of excitement, terror and wholesale murder, there fall little fiery streamers of ideas which are practically new to the movies. In the first place director George Hill's gunmen are an unsavory lot of thugs, devoid of either romance or cleverness. Still more unorthodox ideas crop up in the campaign in which Wallace Beery runs for mayor of a Chicago suburb (Cicero, I suppose). As he had once wielded the hammer in a slaughterhouse, Beery visits the stockyards to make a speech to his old pals and buddies, going in heavily for "the American peepul," "the voice of the peepul," etc. At this point his voice is drowned out by the bellowing of cattle on their way to the slaughterhouse in the background. For an instant a puzzled look comes over Beery's bull-like face—but eventually all is well, the voice of the "peepul" wins the day and "Slaughterhouse," as he is known to his friends, is elected mayor. His first move is to throw out the chief of police and put in one of the boys. In many other ways *The Secret Six* makes the moviegoer think seriously about this great and glo-o-rious Republic of ours. Jurors are shown taking bribes. Reporters are shown accepting cigarette cases filled with thousand dollar bills. The bootleg business is represented as a smoothly working industry with vast plants, equipment and resources. Beery is continually being arrested, only to be released the following morning when Lewis Stone (attorney for the gang) goes to "see" the district attorney. *The Secret Six* (the title refers to a committee of citizens formed to combat gang rule) is diffuse, violent and episodic. Its people are not heroes in the rough. They are mugs and dirty mugs at that. There is no love story and what plot there is, is almost lost in the violence of the action. But all this is a help. Because of this formlessness, it has few of the pretty dramatic tricks which make the average crook film so pat and smooth. I suspect that this is the most realistic gangster film ever made. Wallace Beery's magnificent performance dominates everything, but the picture has a number of excellent characterizations. The story is an original by Frances Marion.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Oklahoma settlers—plenty of color and excitement.
Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers has a fine time with King Arthur and his knights.
City Lights: Some humor and much pathos by Charlie Chaplin.
Dirigible: Handsome air pictures but a terrible story.
The Front Page: Still the most exciting show in town. Adolphe Menjou as a tough city editor.
The Millionaire: George Arliss in a pleasant but extremely mild comedy.
Skippy: An honest, unaffected, and entirely satisfactory film about the little boy of the comic cartoons.
Tabu: F. W. Murnau's beautiful and touching film of South Sea Islanders.

"City Streets"

Another gang picture which is decidedly worth your while, even at this late date, is *City Streets,* directed by Rouben Mamoulian of the New York Theatre Guild. The excellent cast includes Gary Cooper and the exquisite Sylvia Sidney, well known on the stage but comparatively new to the films. Unquestionably she is now on the screen to stay. Mr. Mamoulian's direction is theatrical and spectacular to an extreme degree—but he holds your attention relentlessly from the first foot of film to the last.

Screen Advertising

Speaking of the short advertising films now showing in many theatres, the *Film Mercury* (Hollywood) says:

"If advertising is made a regular part of the programs, the public has every right to demand cuts in admission prices. With merchandising firms paying large sums of money to producers for films containing advertising matter (which means additional profits and lower overhead for producers) there is no reason why theatregoers should not be entitled to share in this and secure admissions at a substantial reduction."

Book Review

John Drinkwater, British dramatic biographer of such characters as Lincoln, Lee and Cromwell, has just completed a life of Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Pictures, entitled *The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle* (Putnam, $3.50). I regret to report that it is a rather obvious piece of press agentry by an Englishman whose entire knowledge of his subject and the movies appears to have been gained from other Universal press agents. However, it will undoubtedly delight the Laemmle family, and every Universal employee will feel it his duty to buy a copy.

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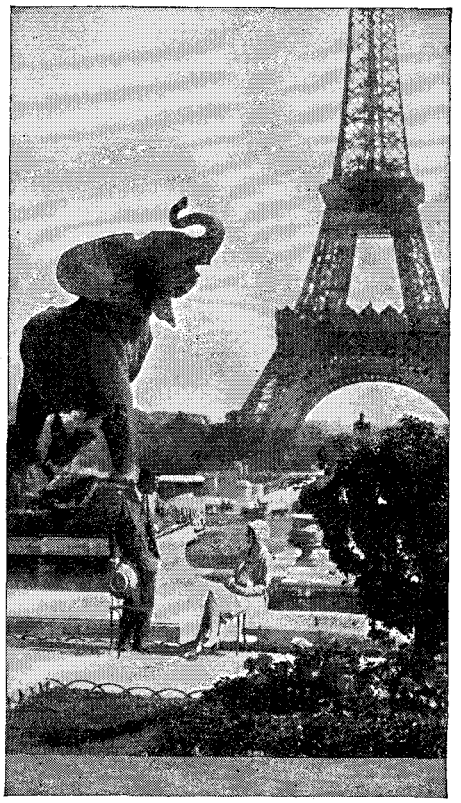

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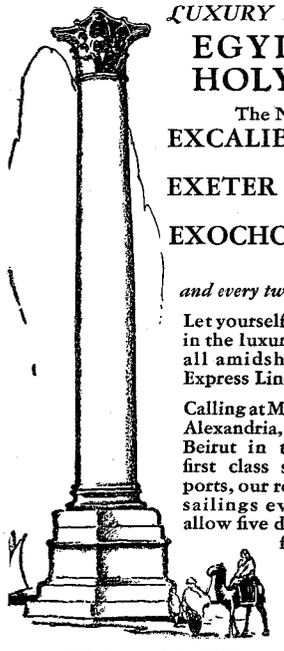
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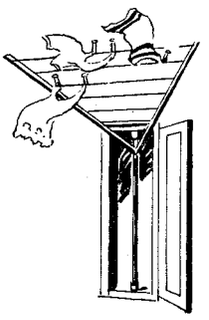
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is a steel cabinet, five feet high, 22 inches wide and 25 inches deep, into which you can put any moth-infested garments. By a special fumigating process the cabinet becomes a lethal chamber from which neither moth, egg nor larva can emerge alive. The process takes 24 hours.

A NEW clothes dryer which occupies very little space is contained in a wall cabinet 43½ by 13½ inches, and 4 inches deep. When you open the door you pull down the two arms, hang the clothes on the lines, then shove the whole dryer up to the top of the vertical metal rod where it will be out of the way.



OUT of Chicago comes Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's Cook-Book, just published by Scribner's. It is not a book for the unskilled, and you will thumb it in vain for instructions for boiling potatoes and frying eggs, but for the amateur who loves his (or her) work it contains many precious formulae, tested and approved in Mrs. Moody's own restaurants and catering establishment.

FOR WALLS and floors both indoors and out there is a material which resembles Italian marble, and can be sawed, nailed and worked like wood. It is waterproof, weatherproof and fire resistant, can be cleaned with soap and water, is warm to the touch, and quiet to walk on when used as flooring. It comes in twenty-one different shades.

A PORTABLE electric bell for the sickroom may be bought from Lewis and Conger. A 7¼ by 6 inch olive green enamel box contains two dry cell batteries, and there is a cord fifty feet long, ending in a pear-shaped handle containing a push button.

SOME ONE with a taste for doughnuts and a dislike for the drudgery of frying them by batches in deep fat, has invented an individual mold, with a long handle, which you fill with batter and set over the gas burner. Presently you have a doughnut. Though it seems rather more like a waffle to us. The inventor missed a chance to make one of those combination words manufacturers and advertising men think so cute. He should have called this contraption a wafnut maker, or a doughffle mold.

LOVERS of fine printing and bookmaking should be interested in a recent bulletin from Random House, which gives a list, in chronological order, of all limited editions published by Random House and by the Nonesuch Press, showing the price at which they were issued and the price at which they are now currently offered. Nearly a hundred are listed, and with few exceptions, even among the most recently issued, the prices show a substantial increase—in many cases more than doubling. The reason, of course, is to be found in the interest of the books selected for publication, the exceptionally fine work done in printing and binding them, and the by no means exorbitant price at which they are offered. In spite of the criticism aimed by bibliophiles at those who buy rare books solely for profit, the fact is that the booklover can do much worse than put his savings into such things. No one but a miser can get much pleasure by sitting down in the evening to read through a batch of stock certificates and mortgages. But a scarce first, or beautifully printed limited edition of some favorite author can be in itself a source of continued enjoyment to a lover of literature, and, if chosen with the same care as his stocks, a probable source of profit as well.

A SMALL upright piano, made by Wurlitzer, and finished in black and gold, contains a radio—the dials being in one of the upper panels, and the speaker in one of the panels under the keyboard. This seems one of the most sensible and practical combinations we have heard of in a long time. Even with the fine woods and elegant designs now used, one of the chief sports in American homes is hiding the radio cabinet. To hide it in the piano, and thus get all your music under one roof, seems decidedly economical. When television is perfected, the screen can be put in the panel above the music rack, and you can then play your own incidental music to the news pictures.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

THIS is going to be a piece exclusively devoted to "low down" music. Nobody who is in the least refined will like any of these records. However, I'm sure that almost anybody who likes bizarre words set to virile primitive music will have fun with them.

Louis Armstrong (maybe I've mentioned him before) heads the list with a performance of *Just a Gigolo,* coupled with *Shine*[1], which is astounding, even for Maestro Armstrong and His New Sebastian Cotton Club Orchestra. When you consider the usual maudlin renditions of the former bit of tripe, Armstrong's danceable kidding of it is refreshing to a degree. Incidentally, in both numbers his trumpeting is, if possible, better than ever.

Lest any one impute, however, that I don't dig up novelties from time to time, I hasten to tell you about an extremely familial group who have just made their debut on records—the Boswell Sisters accompanied by the Dorsey Brothers. What they do to a ditty called *When I Take My Sugar to Tea* is only surpassed by the reverse of the disk which bears the title *Wha'd Ya Do To Me?*[2] The sisters and brothers have a sense of rhythm and harmony which is unique.

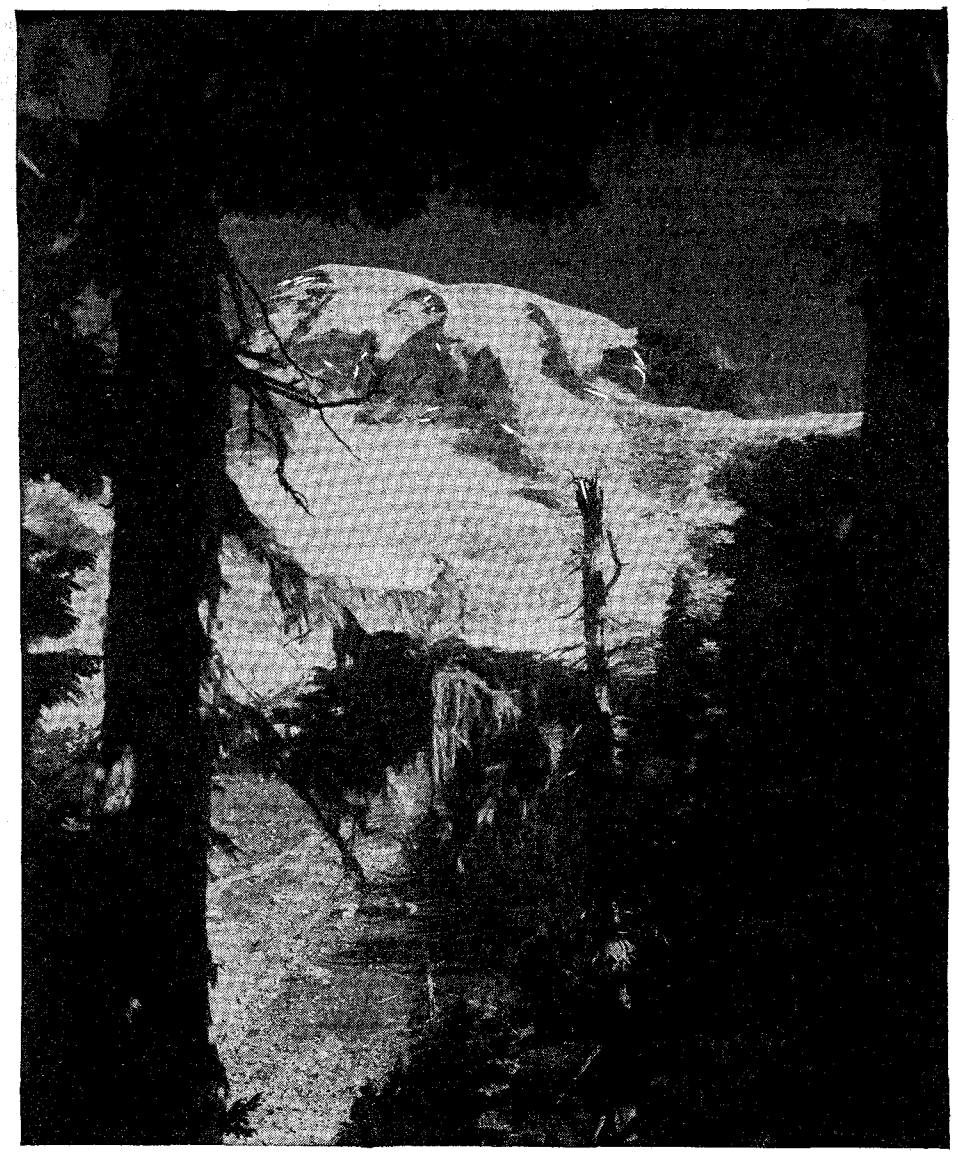
Going only mildly respectable for a moment, I would like to call to your attention *One More Time*[3], a product of the de Sylva, Brown and Henderson factory (of *Scandals* repute), played by Gus Arnheim and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, with vocal refrain in equatorial (don't tell me I've coined a word for "hot"!) fashion by one Bing Crosby. Slightly cooler, but more melodious, is the reverse—*Thanks to You,* by Pete Wendling.

My favorite title, though, is Lonnie Johnson's *Got the Blues for Murder Only*[4] which he sings accompanied by his own guitar. It begins, "Way down in old Mexico, where a child will slap your face." Poetry, I call that. On the other side Mr. Johnson is in an admonitory mood as he sings, *Let All Married Women Alone.*

But for real dirt, with a spontaneous quality, get Lonnie Johnson and Violet Green doing *Don't Wear It Out* and *You Had Too Much*[5]. Only don't say I didn't warn you about the inflammatory nature of all the above disks. Marconi Brothers, 114 East 59th St., New York, have a wide selection of unusual items of this sort.

O. C.-T.

1. Okeh 41486.
2. Brunswick 6083.
3. Victor 22700.
4. Okeh 8846.
5. Okeh 8839.



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If you are interested in a Western Vacation this Summer, send for free booklet, indicating kind of outing you wish. E. E. Nelson, 449 Northern Pacific Ry., Saint Paul, Minn.

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 594)

to leave the country to visit specialists who promised to cure her sick eyes.

Neither Queen Marie nor the Bratianus and the Shtirbeys did anything to separate the two lovers. The contrary is true. They did everything possible to bring them together publicly and show them to the world together. An active publicity campaign told the world that the Prince was enamoured of a red-haired Jewish woman, the daughter of a junk peddler. Only those who understand how hated and despised the Jews are in Roumania will understand how this information worked against the interests of the heir to the throne. When Carol married Zizi Lambrino, the Roumanians could not find it in their hearts to say anything against him. After all, he had married a Roumanian woman and the worst that might come of that match would be that a Roumanian woman would sit on the throne. The mere fact that Carol had a fleeting passion for a Jewish woman did not, at first, militate against him. It had happened before. Many Roumanian men had liaisons with Jewish women. But the publicity campaign of the Queen hinted that Carol was so enamoured of that Jewish woman, that daughter of the junk peddler, that he would not hesitate to divorce his wife and put Magda Lupescu on the throne beside him. Did the Roumanians want a Jewish Queen? A Jewish Queen in Roumania would have been more than the people could stand. Magda Lupescu was represented as the emissary of the Jews of all nations who had paid her bags of gold to entice the future King into her arms.

That the first meeting between Prince Carol and Magda Lupescu was not an accident—that the unseen hand of Shtirbey had put the red-headed woman in the path of the inflammable prince at a propitious moment—has been repeatedly told before. It was a masterful stroke. It doomed Carol.

Instead of retreating from the glare of this publicity campaign, Carol again "shouldered his responsibilities." Instead of shrinking from the light, he showed himself more and more frequently with the red-haired lady beside him. Marie knew how stubborn he was. She played on that string. She knew that the more they would try to separate him from her the stronger his opposition would be. His closest friends tried to advise him, but he would not listen.

"If to be King means not to live one's life as one wishes, I prefer life to a throne. I have the same rights to happiness as the milkman has. No one is going to blackmail me out of what life has given me."

When this reply of Carol's was brought to the ears of his father, the King ordered Madame Lupescu, in November, 1925, to leave the country. King Ferdinand was not a party to the intrigue against his son. When Madame Lupescu objected and said that she was well enough where she was, threats became too much for her. She left despite Carol's entreaties. The whole world was informed of what had happened. The Queen's version of the affair was given the widest publicity.

For a while Carol bowed his head under the blow he had received. He had lost many friends. He had lost the support of the majority of his sympathizers and he knew with what eyes people now looked at him. He could gauge his position by the attitude of his mother, and of Barbu Shtirbey and the Bratianus. They laughed in his face. Servitors in the royal palace turned their backs on him. The King continued to be very ill and refused to see Carol.

Carol soon saw himself so neglected that he thought it best to accept his mother's suggestion that he go to London to represent the crown at the funeral of Queen Alexandra. Upon his return from London, Madame Lupescu waited for him at the railroad station in Paris. A telegram published in the Roumanian newspaper announced that the two lovers had met there. Queen Marie wrote a long letter to her son, reproaching him for his behavior, and managed to have that letter published in all the papers.

Disgusted, Carol, who was being followed by detectives and reporters, went to Venice with Madame Lupescu. What strange coincidence made him go to the same hotel to which his father had once gone with Mlle. Vacarescu? Unlike King Carol, King Ferdinand did not burst into the room to separate the two lovers. There was no Queen Elizabeth to stand by their side. But Carol received a severe and threatening letter from his father; a letter undoubtedly dictated by his mother and by Barbu Shtirbey, which the King had merely signed. Carol answered, saying that if affairs continued to be what they were in Roumania, he was again willing to renounce his rights to the throne.

"It must be known who is to reign in Roumania—the Hohenzollerns or the Bratianus."

King Ferdinand woke up to the fact that the absence of Carol had practically delivered him into the hands of his wife, Shtirbey and Bratianu. The trio treated him as a negligible quantity and with harshness. In the last stages of cancer, when he was suffering indescribable pain, he could not even obtain the services of a doctor when he wanted one. Queen Marie did not appear at the bedside of her sick husband for weeks at a time. Princess Ileana was always with her mother. Princess Elizabeth was busy with her own affairs as the wife of Prince Paul of Greece. Mignon was Queen of Jugo-Slavia. Nicholas, irresponsible youth, did not show up at the palace for months. Except for a few servants around him, the King never saw a human being. His prime minister appeared only when he wanted him to sign a document.

King Ferdinand sent General Hiotto to beg Carol to return to Roumania—to beg him in the name of a neglected father. Carol refused to return. The last paragraph of his letter to King Ferdinand, the letter in which he renounced for the fourth time the Roumanian throne, read:

"I not only renounce the throne, but I renounce all the rights that I have, all the rights given to me by the Roumanian laws, over my child and over my wealth."

And to General Hiotto, Carol said: "Tell my father that I will return to Roumania if he first asserts his rights as a king. He must drive out the Bratianus and Prince Shtirbey and he must put a curb on the Queen before I ever set foot again in that country."

By hook or crook, the Bratianus got hold of that letter, deleted from it certain passages, read it in open Parliament and delivered to the press the heir's definite renunciation of the throne.

Queen Marie's political reasons for a junket to America while the King was on his deathbed are revealed by Mr. Bercovici in next week's installment of "Royal Intrigue in Roumania." He reveals her dealings here with feature syndicates and testimonial advertisers, and her bid for sympathy for her political aspirations in Roumania, which aimed at the dominance of the coming Regency.

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Third
SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

There is one more special real estate issue this Spring—May 27. If you have any property to sell, rent or exchange announce it on this page. For complete information and details write, Real Estate, Advertising Department, The Outlook Company, 120 E. 16th Street, New York City. Material for all advertisements much reach this office before May 22.

Alabama

FOR SALE—OZARK, ALABAMA. 143 acres inside city limits (pop. 3,500). Good schools and churches. Good land for general farming; vegetables all year round. Successful live stock, dairy or poultry farming. Several good springs conveniently located on property; pecan trees; attractive all-modern two-story house; eleven well planned rooms. City water and lights. Splendid location—on two railroad lines. Mild, healthful climate. Ideal place for home. Sacrifice for quick sale—price $12,500. Can arrange part terms. Photographs of house on request. D. F. BYRD, Ozark, Alabama.

California

FOR SALE. On principal boulevard between Oakland and Berkeley in Greater San Francisco's East Bay Area, through lot between Telegraph Ave. on the east and Racine St. on the west. Faces east into end of Sixtieth St. and west into Bushrod Park. Lot directly east of end of new trans-bay bridge about to be built. Very central location for coming decade; well suited for apartment or garage; size approximately 86 by 130 feet. Address L. M. BOYERS, 506 Bank of America Building, Berkeley, Calif.

Connecticut

FOR SALE OR TO LET. Furnished four and five room cottages overlooking lovely lake; every convenience. Moderate rental includes garage, fireplace wood, electricity, boat. Complete equipment for housekeeping, but meals merely if desired. For terms and information address MRS. CHARLES NATSCH, Columbia, Conn.

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FURNISHED COTTAGES—Ogunquit, Maine. From 4 to 7 bedrooms, 2 and 3 baths. Garages. Beautiful locations. E. S. WARE, Box 135, Ogunquit, Maine.

FURNISHED HOUSE, Boothbay Harbor 9 rooms, bath, fireplace, electricity, heat. Finest location on Harbor, rent reasonable. F. W. BLAIR, 143 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y.

HOUSE 150 years old with paneled rooms, hidden closets, big fireplaces; 100 acres, bordering tidal river; picturesque scenery. A real gem at price of an imitation. MAINE LAKES & COAST COMPANY, Portland, Maine.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. To let for season, cottage, 6 rooms, bath, fireplace, seaview, sunporch. MRS. A. E. BARBOUR, Augusta, Maine.

TO LET. Pemaquid Harbor, Maine. Among the pines on the ocean, modern 6 room bungalow, bathroom, fireplace, electricity. Also small camp. J. B. FIELDING, 247 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brighton, Mass.

FOR RENT
At Fortune Rocks, Biddeford, Maine. A modern cottage, beautifully situated, facing ocean. Fully equipped for modern housekeeping, electric light, water, garage. Also small furnished camp for three. MISS ESTHER W. SMITH, Andover, Mass.

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WATERFRONT AND INLAND FARMS— 1 acre to 5000. Upper eastern shore Maryland. O. B. BURSELL, Cecilton, Md.

Massachusetts

CAPE COD—Cottage house, modern conveniences, fully furnished, garage, salt water in any direction. Surf and still bathing, extensive grounds. 3 bedrooms, gas, electricity, boat. Address V. C. HOPKINS, 502 Park Ave., N. Y. C. ($500 for long season.)

WOLF HILL, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—To rent for season, cottage of four rooms, bath, sun parlor, open piazza, two car garage, all conveniences. On bank of Annisquam River. E.M.C., 39 Pleasant St., Everett, Mass.

Minnesota

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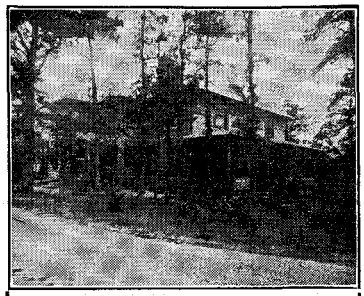

FOR SALE
At BEECHWOOD, New Jersey
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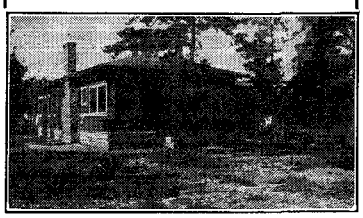

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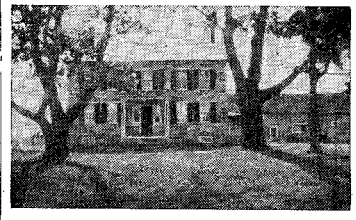
FOR SALE—SUMMER CAMP. Furnished. On shore of Long Lake in heart of Adirondacks. Suitable for boarders, convalescent camp or club. Accommodates 30 people. For further information write to MRS. C. V. MANN, 97 Morris St., Albany, N. Y. After May 15th to Long Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y.

HEART'S DESIRE CAMPS
For Gentiles. Furnished, 5 rooms, bath, hot and cold running water, electricity, open fireplace. $275 for season. Camp without fireplace, $225. Almon Ward, Jay, Essex County, New York.



FOR RENT—Furnished house in good condition. Modern conveniences. Large, light, well-planned rooms. Near trout stream. Secluded, pleasant surroundings. Picturesque old shade trees. Large lawn. C. M. Broadwell, Box 490, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

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HOTELS AND RESORTS

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, $2 each for the next seven chosen, and $1 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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With Our Readers

What's Wrong with California

To the Editor: *San Diego, Calif.*

SIR—After a continuous residence of almost ten years in Southern California, I detect a basic humility of its people which Mr. Duncan Aikman has entirely overlooked. During this entire time I have never encountered a blowhard on the virtues of San Diego, my home town, while Los Angeles has always had an inferiority complex because, as Mr. Louis Bromfield recently quoted, it still remains, "Six suburbs in search of a city." The single city in California which is consciously superior is San Francisco, due to the fact that eastern writers have so often ascribed to it the only civilization, sophistication and metropolitanism in California; nevertheless, even San Francisco is only consciously superior in relation to Southern California, and not New York, New Orleans, Boston and other strongholds of culture, past or present.

We Californians have our problems and so many of them that conceit, in these later and more realistic days, is no part of the picture. For instance, our real estate hyperbole has been due to the comparative scarcity of other lines of occupation; it has been a case, with many of us, of making a living in real estate or not making a living, and self-preservation, you know, is one of the first laws. Too, the fact that investment in Southern California real estate has proved, on the whole, a well-paying proposition, softens the hyperbole, while no one has ever rated Wall Street for its hyperbole regarding common stocks. It is not only in California that where the purse is, there is the heart also.

We Californians are growing increasingly critical of ourselves: we lament the inherent stupidity of spending all our leisure in enclosed motorcars, as though our famed fresh air is actually baneful; we lament the lack of interest in art and letters; we curse our many bad moving pictures; we regret that an overwhelming preponderance of elderly people makes our civilization static rather than dynamic.

Most of us Californians know, in our hearts, that the wrong people have California, that this essentially pagan land should be gay with grass skirts and hula dancers. How old Friedrich Nietzsche would have cauterized us for not committing wholesale suicide and so relinquishing California to a young, joyous and infidel race! No, we Californians shall not be proud of our land until we evolve a superior race of sun worshippers, clad in the meagerest of garments and dancing through sun-drenched days and moon-lovely nights.

As for Mr. Aikman's suggestion that a metropolis may evolve in the desert east of "unbeloved" California, that is the most absurd of statements. No part-year resort land, meaning one that gets too hot in summer or too cold in winter, ever created a metropolis or ever will. Granted that the Southwest desert has a delightful winter climate, superior in some respects to that of California, people will not tolerate a summer temperature of 100 to 120 degrees, with hot nights.

The truth is that California, far from feeling superior to Arizona and other adjacent states, has poured untold capital into their development. Our promoters, having exploited this state, are happy to operate in Phoenix, Tucson, Las Vegas, New Mexico and points east. Incidentally, they are the same promoters who operated on Long Island and in Florida, who will operate wherever there is scope for their talents.

Finally, Mr. Aikman's complaint that the higher reaches of California have the four northern seasons is due to the fact that California possesses the climate, flora and fauna of all forty-eight states—attributes which we Californians regard rather as virtues than as vices.

MAX FECKLER.

To the Editor: *Conway, Wash.*

SIR—Referring to an article by Duncan Aikman in your issue of April 8th, "California, the Unbeloved," I can relate a conversation I had with a Californian going north out of San Francisco on a Southern Pacific train. He asked me where I was living. I answered, up Seattle way, Washington. "That is a little town depending on California almost entirely for products," he said. "Seattle has a place called Western Avenue where most all produce is handled. I notice market quotations stating: 'Very quiet today with practically no business as the California boat did not arrive on time.'"

JOHN S. FINSTAD.

A Veteran Protests

To the Editor: *Ottumwa, Iowa.*

SIR—I want to comment on your March 4th issue of the OUTLOOK.

The cartoon on page 322 by Mr. Malone is an insult to the ex-service men of the country and don't imagine it will do you any good. If you must picture the veteran in a cartoon why make him look like an overfed hog.

I served two years, with one year in France, and I saw plenty of action. Now I have spent nearly four years on my back trying to regain the health I lost. Personally I was against the loan that was just passed and if you are too, it's all right with me and all the rest of the veterans. You have a right to your opinions.

But when you picture the service man as you did in this issue it's a direct slap at every veteran and I for one will keep my fifteen cents in my pocket in place of buying your magazine again.

ARTHUR L. LARSON.

[*Editors' Note*—The OUTLOOK has taken pains in all discussions of Veterans' Compensation legislation to distinguish between the ex-service men as a body, the American Legion as a body, and certain elements within the American Legion which actively promoted the passage of the Veterans' Compensation Act. Mr. Malone's cartoon (OUTLOOK, March 4) was not intended as an insult to the country's ex-service men as a body. It was rather a graphic representation of the situation caused by recent legislation whereby, without extending further relief to disabled veterans, all holders of compensation certificates were given compensation at the same time that federal relief was being denied to the inhabitants of drought-stricken areas.]

Bouquet

To the Editor: *Oakland, Calif.*

SIR—The seven and one half pages of comment under "Events of the Week" in issue of March 4 are of the finest brand of American attitude, the attitude by which America was recognized last century; before the dark days of recent years set in. The paragraphs sizzle with that subtle irony and good-natured humor that made everyone love an American. No, I shall not give up taking the OUTLOOK while it provides such reading matter.

"Looking Forward" alongside the index, is also excellent.

I am glad to see Ibby Hall again on the job. Whether by a man or woman, the anecdotes under that name are masterly. Shorter than those of O. Henry they touch the same spot. I am not a story reader, rarely having the patience to wade through the drivel that is published, but I always read Ibby Hall.

R. ESTCOURT.

Fair Play for the President

To the Editor: *North Adams, Mass.*

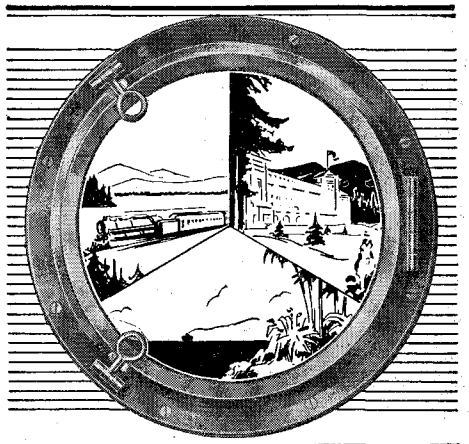
SIR—Does it relieve the mind of A. F. C., author of "Backstage in Washington," to vilify the President so consistently? Wouldn't it be more endurable for your readers if A. F. C. came in front of the stage now and then to see the great show made clear by the footlights? In the back stage there are dark corners, chilly draughts, odds and ends of equipment that mean only disorder by themselves and it is a twisted mind that prefers to live there. Is A. F. C. a chronic dyspeptic or has he been blighted in love?

A long sea voyage or merely stepping out into the sunlight might help him. It is probable that a number of people would willingly contribute something toward a steamer ticket that would carry him to the Antipodes and farther. If a writer can not be found to take his place just leave a blank where his cantankerous, cynical remarks used to be. It does not require great brain powers to pick flaws, most of us can do it if we wish, but without any desire for "Pollyanna" articles there is always a call for ordinary courtesy in dealing with the affairs of our government.

We have not a dishonest trickster at the head of our nation. We have an honorable, able gentleman who is striving against terrible odds. I bespeak decent treatment and fair play for President Hoover.

ANNE TURNER.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



HOLLAND

The Hague, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Rotterdam — these lovely old cities are well known to travelers. ¶ But the true charm of Holland lies in her countryside, in her waterways . . . silver beneath the moon, gold beneath the sun, reed fringed and bird haunted, reflecting and enhancing the great cloud masses . . . no wonder it has been said "To witness a sunset in Holland is sublime." ¶ Loiter through the provinces linked by a network of shimmering strands. ¶ Then combine this close contact with knowledge of her cities. ¶ Thus you will feel Understanding take its place beside Admiration of the glorious history of the Netherlands. ¶ In writing for literature on Holland or any other vacation land please state, if possible, proposed date and duration of holiday. ¶ We will make your steamer reservations or assist you with your plans. Address Mrs. Kirkland, *director*.

This service is gratis.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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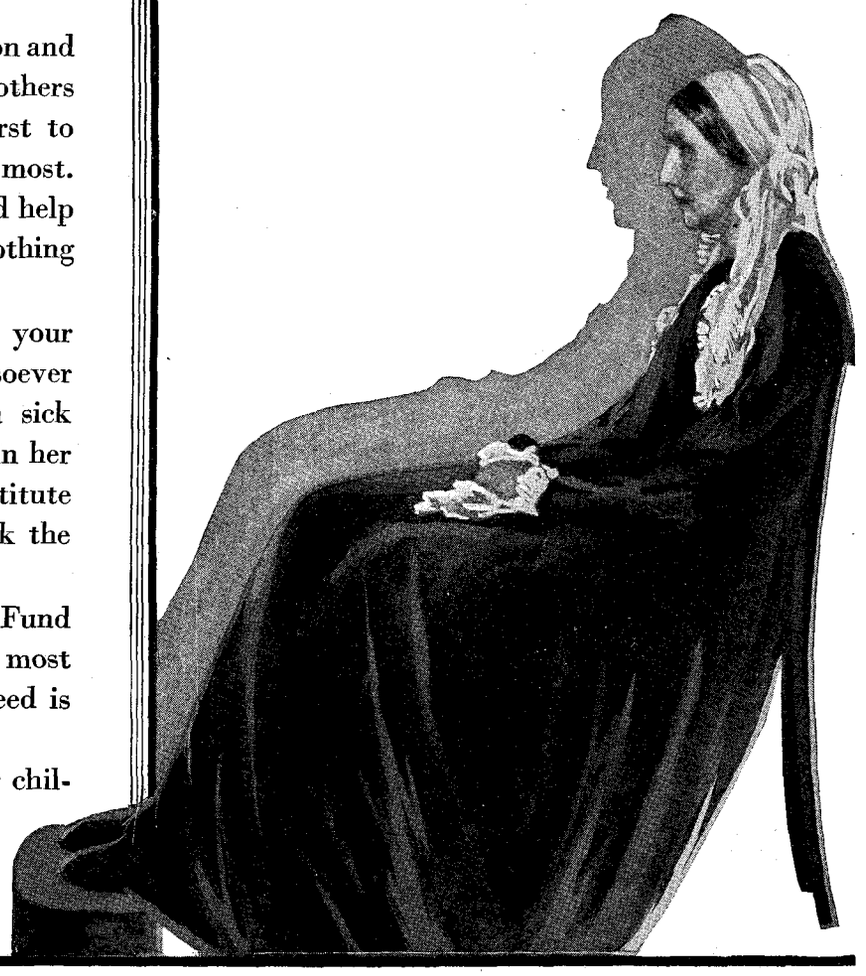
IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.



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